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The Nation.

NEW YORK. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1910.

The Week.

The clique that rules in the Senate and guides the destinies of this nation must be beginning to wonder whether their tariff victory of last summer was not, after all, of the Pyrrhic order. When a befooled and disillusioned country voiced its resentment against the Aldrich and Cannon crowd, there must have been few who believed that punishment could come so soon after them. If there was hope of relief, it was of relief in some extraordinary way. The guilty men might die or be suddenly converted or go mad and resign. But who was sanguine enough to foresee that within half a year Cannon would be a sinking craft, and that they of the innermost circle of Olympus, Hale of Maine, Lodge of Massachusetts, Scott of West Virginia, would be anxious about their places in the Senate? Insurgency has become a nation-wide disease within the Republican party. When the closed Senatorial preserves in New England begin to fall away from their feudal owners we seem to be indeed on the eve of a *débâcle*. It is now impossible that the Aldrich-Cannon crowd can ever play another thimble-rigging game on the country. The question is whether they can escape the consequences of their past deeds.

The Administration policy of perfect frankness is plainly being followed in Ohio. It is openly admitted by the President that there is great danger of the Republicans losing his own State this year. Hence the need of beginning in February a campaign to prevent the re-election of Gov. Harmon in November. After frequent conferences at the White House, the Ohio Senators, with members of the Republican State Committee, decided that something vigorous must be done, and accordingly Mr. Wade Ellis resigns from the Department of Justice to take charge of the campaign in Ohio. He has been known as the chief "Trust-buster" of the Administration, but while it is important to curb Trusts, it is still more important to curb Harmon. This preliminary display advertisement will, of course, fix the attention of the country upon the fight in Ohio, and make the Democratic Governor of that Republican State even more of a national figure than before. If he wins, or makes a rousing campaign while failing of actual election, his nomination by the Democrats for the Presidency in 1912 will be highly probable. The elaborate preparations of the Administration to make war upon him will necessarily work towards that result.

The full text of the Federal incorporation bill proposed by the Administration is now published and it proves the so-called "outline" of the measure, printed a week or two ago in some of the newspapers, to have been based on rather absurd misinformation. The bill as drafted does not at all give a free hand to holding companies. It does provide machinery whereby a corporation may be formed under a Federal charter "to take over the property and business of any existing corporation" chartered by a State; but the primary purpose of the provision seems to be simply to enable State-chartered corporations to reorganize under the Federal law. Even this change of form is surrounded by careful restrictions. It must be approved by vote of two-thirds of the capital stock of the corporation whose business is to be acquired; it must be favorably passed on, after investigation and appraisal, by the Commissioner of Corporations, and it holds legally responsible for any mis-statement the directors applying for such transfer of property. Furthermore, the proposed bill explicitly provides that if the Sherman Act or any other Federal law shall be violated, through contracts, combinations, or attempt to monopolize interstate commerce, the offending corporation's charter shall be forfeited and a receiver appointed for it. Clauses affecting issue of both stock and bonds are drawn with the manifest view to preventing such financial exploits as the industrial combinations of 1899 and 1901, on the basis of inflated capital, and the bonding of numerous railways in 1902, and of the Union Pacific particularly in 1906, for the purpose of buying other railway stocks at inflated prices. As matters stand to-day, there is little probability of the enactment of such a law in the present session of Congress. It is well, however, to have so careful and thorough a draft of the plan made public at this time, so that criticism, favorable and unfavorable, may be given to it.

Ex-Senator Edmunds's letter to Mr. Charles P. Howland on the Anti-Trust Law presents more than one element of unusual interest. In the first place, it comes from a man of eighty-two, but is written with a vigor and incisiveness much more suggestive of twenty-eight; and it comes from a man who was, for a generation, one of the small and remarkable group of great lawyers in the United States Senate. There are, in Mr. Edmunds's letter, two particular statements of fact that deserve special notice. The first is that the Anti-Trust Act, which is habitually referred to under the name of Senator Sherman, was not his work, or the work of any other member of the Finance Committee; it was completely rewritten by the Judiciary Committee, and was really the work of "one of the members of that committee"—which is merely Mr. Edmunds's way of saying that it was his own work. The other particular statement of fact is that, in the Knight case, the decision in which did so much to weaken the efficacy of the law, the feeling of members of the bar of the Supreme Court was that the case had been very feebly and inefficiently presented to the court. As for Mr. Edmunds's general views, they agree with a growing conviction in and out of Government circles—that a vigorous upholding of the law along lines that time will make plainer is capable of accomplishing great and vitally needed results. No law administers itself; and in establishing a law so comprehensive and complex in scope, we must be prepared for difficulties and delays.

The verdict last Friday of a jury at Hartford fixing at $74,000 the damages which the hatters' union must pay to a firm whose business it had sought to cripple or destroy by means of a boycott, is only a logical carrying out of the decision of the Supreme Court. The question of law was taken before that tribunal on demurrer, and it held that a labor union was exactly on the footing

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of a corporation in being subject to prosecution for conspiring to stifle competition and obstruct the flow of interstate commerce. After that, the facts being established, it was only left for a jury to assess the damages in accordance with the law. Here is no question of refusing workingmen the right to combine, no quarrel about "government by injunction," but just the simple principle that laboring men and labor unions must submit like everybody else to the law of the land. An appeal is to be taken on the ground that the damages are excessive—they are automatically tripled by the Anti-Trust Act, so that the total would be $222,000—and doubtless the lawfulness of making the individual members of the union liable will be argued before the courts. That is within the rights of the men. They are as much entitled as millionaire bankers to exhaust their legal remedies. But the more thoughtful and sober leaders of labor organizations must see that, with the law laid down as it was in the Gompers case and now in the case of the Danbury hatters, such boycotts must be abandoned as illegal.

The refusal of Western railways to comply with the demands of the firemen for a heavy increase of wages and other changes was accompanied by an expression of willingness to arbitrate the question of wages. This would seem to indicate a recognition of the changed conditions that must be reckoned with, and probably, above all, of the advance of prices. Whatever the causes of increased price, the increase itself is a palpable fact, and one that is world-wide in its manifestation; and all employers of labor will have to give this fact adequate recognition sooner or later. What was insisted on, in season and out of season, by the opponents of free silver is now taking place, though the era of advancing prices has come about in quite other ways than the adoption of Mr. Bryan's proposal. The working people of the country were warned that when the dollar was cheapened—that is, when prices were raised—they would be among the last to have the higher scale of prices applied to what they had to sell, labor. This was the experience of the civil war days, with the greenback standard, and it is our experience now. Salaries, of course, are slowest of all to rise, and go up, naturally enough, only after it has become perfectly clear that the new scale of prices has become fixed; but next after salaries in slowness are wages. The time has now arrived, however, for a general recognition of the question of wages as related to high prices, and thoughtful employers of labor will not ignore it.

The fact that Mr. Procter has withdrawn his offer of half a million to Princeton University will excite keen interest among all who appreciate the influence exercised by our colleges and universities upon the tone of national life. Just what the precise questions were upon which disagreement developed is not clear at the time of this writing; but the essential nature of the difficulty is no secret. On the one side are those who find nothing to object to in the growth at our colleges of luxury and of social distinctions based on wealth. On the other side are those who look upon these developments as an evil in their immediate effect upon the young men involved in them, and as an even more serious evil in their effect upon the spirit of the place. They find the prominence of luxurious living and of the exclusiveness of wealth tending to displace learning and intellectual distinction from its natural position of dominance in the college world; and they find it subversive of the democratic ideals for which American institutions of education ought to stand. Between these two mental attitudes there is an irrepressible conflict. All the pressure of circumstance is in favor of the steady growth of luxury, and if it is to be resisted, it can only be by persistent firmness in opposing it in the face of temptation. If, as seems clearly to be the case, President Wilson has been actuated by this feeling in taking his position on this question, he and the trustees who have sided with him have earned the approval of the whole country.

Aside from the forces that are silently operating everywhere to raise the scale of luxury and to make wealth a predominant factor in all human relations, the American college has been subject to two special influences. The first is the general ambition to grow in numbers; the second is the desire to stand well with a class from which it so largely derives its financial resources. In view of these things it can, we believe, be said truthfully that the colleges have done better than there might have been good reason to fear that they would do. The democratic idea has remained fundamental; the encroachment of plutocratic notions and of snobbish standards has continued to be nothing more than encroachment, though sometimes a very serious one. But while the colleges have done better than might easily have been feared, they have not done so well as might reasonably have been hoped. Many a departure from sound traditions and worthy ideals has been permitted for want of a firm assertion of principle. And such assertion has a value far transcending the immediate purpose that called it forth. It has a tonic influence as a pronouncement of attitude, over and above its direct effect.

The Maryland Legislature has, for some years, been making the small annual grant of $25,000 to the Johns Hopkins, and it appears that there is some danger of this grant being discontinued by the present Legislature. Such action could be justified only on the theory that to keep money in the State Treasury is a gain to the State, no matter how much value there might be to the State in its expenditure. The Johns Hopkins University does for Maryland what no other establishment does. It is the only institution of higher learning in the State. Its presence supplies a stimulus to intellectual activity and ambition, the value of which to the people of Maryland is inestimable. It has, in the past thirty years, done more to give distinction to the State and to its chief city than any other agency. It has caused the adoption throughout the country of higher university standards than had previously been known; and it has itself maintained these standards in the face of great difficulties, its financial condition being in painful contrast with that of any of its principal rivals.

So the garrulous, cowardly, spiteful blackbird in Rostand's barnyard masterpiece is supposed to typify the press! For who has suffered from the stupidity and impertinences of a debased press like Edmond Rostand, unless it be George Bernard Shaw or Richard Strauss? These tender souls, so averse to the slightest taint of publicity, so timid in confiding their hopes and their

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doubts to a great, big, bouncing world, naturally fall into the tradition of whacking the newspaper in the sacred name of Art. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in advance royalties, and the four corners of the globe waiting breathless for the masterpiece to be translated and put on—such things bear testimony to an art of publicity compared with which the idle gossip of the reporter is like the first tottering footsteps of the babe in arms. Balzac was never tired of picturing a debased press which blackmailed vice and sold two-line notices to deserving virtue at exorbitant prices. Conditions may still be the same to-day. Nevertheless, the law of compensation that rules the universe sees to it that the successful genius shall exact from the editors ten columns of free newspaper notice for every stickful the struggling artist must purchase with his money or his self-respect.

The British Labor party is rent between joy at its increased influence as holder, with the Nationalists, of the balance of power in Parliament, and sorrow at its actual loss in numbers. From nearly sixty in the last Parliament, the Laborites have dropped to forty-odd, a loss proportionately larger than that the Liberals suffered. This falls in line with the general trend of the election, which was a triumph of moderate opinion. The Labor members, as the extreme left wing of the Government coalition, were bound to suffer most. The outcome, so far as Government policy is concerned, is as yet uncertain—how uncertain is shown by such widely differing rumors as that which relegates the radicals, Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill, to a back seat in the Cabinet, and that which foresees the inclusion of one or two Labor members in the new Government. In theory, there is no reason why Mr. Asquith should, on the face of the country's pronouncement, give added recognition to the Laborites. In practice, there are their forty valuable votes to be taken into account. One probable result will be greater recognition for the Laborites by the Government, accompanied by a greater moderation on the part of the Labor members themselves.

On the adjustment of our tariff relations with Germany upon the basis of minimum duties on both sides, the people of both countries have reason to congratulate themselves. There probably was at no time any strong reason for fearing a different conclusion to the negotiations, though certain stumbling-blocks, owing to the shortness of the time at the disposal of the negotiators, threatened the possibility of failure. The bottom fact was that the responsible heads of both Governments were too sensible of the mischief that would be done by a tariff war to do otherwise than make every effort for mutual satisfaction. The potash trouble, which suddenly obscured the sky, we hear nothing of to-day; presumably all ground for objection on our part was removed when it was made plain that there would be no violation of existing contracts with American concerns. President Taft has earned, and will receive, recognition for his successful management of a difficult negotiation. At the same time, there is always, to any mind with a trace of philosophical detachment, an element of the ludicrous in the solemn rejoicing of two protectionist countries when they have succeeded in preventing an aggravation of the difficulties which their tariffs naturally interpose. It may be a good thing not to have the bars put up higher than they are; but it is a bit funny that people who insist on a six-foot fence and think it a priceless blessing, should be so very sure that to be saved from a seven-foot fence is an occasion for devout thanksgiving.

The secret workings of reaction in Russia are now dragged into the light through the efforts of Vladimir Burtseff, a scholar of radical affiliations, who has made the study of the Russian revolutionary movement his life-work. His disclosures regarding the system of espionage by which the Russian Government combated and crushed the revolutionary movement which began in 1905, are by this time fairly familiar. That system, in a few words, consisted in having agents of the secret police take a leading part in the revolutionary propaganda and initiate acts of terrorism in order to supply the Government with an opportunity and an excuse for employing ruthless methods of repression. The Government's spies penetrated into the very heart of the revolutionary councils. It was a terrific shock to those who have the cause of Russian reform closely at heart when Vladimir Burtseff, about a year ago, proved, before a revolutionary tribunal in session at Paris, that Azeff, the leading spirit in the Central Committee of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party, was a government spy. The revelation was both a shock and a tragedy. It meant that for years the revolution had been fighting an utterly hopeless fight. It meant that thousands of Russian men and women had gone to their death, not in a struggle against tremendous odds, but in a struggle that offered the opponents of the Government no chance at all.

But the Azeff affair had also its almost comic aspects. It threw a glaring light on the mixture of ruthlessness and inefficiency, of stupidity and cunning, of Imperial despotism, bureaucratic wire-pulling, and more or less petty palace intrigue, which goes by the name of government in Russia. Repression had not even the excuse of high effectiveness, such as, for instance, a secret police system would have in Germany. While the Government's agents were fighting the revolution, they were busy betraying one another. The fact is that Azeff, although a traitor to the revolution, did bring about the assassination of the minister of the interior, Von Plehve, in 1904, and of the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, in February of the following year. How came it that an agent of the Government, even if it was necessary for him to play out the full revolutionary rôle, was allowed to strike so perilously near to the throne? The answer is found in the jealousies and intrigues of the Government's hired men. The police at Moscow were at odds with the police at St. Petersburg, and the regular police authorities at St. Petersburg were jealous of the extraordinary authority that came to be vested in General Trepoff, upon whom devolved the special task of guarding the Czar's sacred person. To protect the Czar, General Trepoff needed a man like Azeff, and if Azeff, to keep his hold on the revolutionary movement, found it necessary to kill a minister or a grand duke, he was practically allowed to. It was personal politics with a vengeance within the ranks of the government's defenders. It was government by chaos; and to this may be attributed the long stand the revolutionaries managed to make in spite of the odds against them.

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THE DEFEATED REFORMER.

In the ever-repeated contest between the "practical politician" and the "fool reformer," the reformer is always getting the worst of the fight. He never "gets there." His childishness, self-conceit, folly, want of horse sense, is the constant theme of the successful politician and the clever newspaper man. He makes a mess of every favorable situation, he lets every practical opportunity pass him by. He is constantly fighting the bosses, and the bosses simply laugh in their sleeves; they know that their business is a solid institution, whose foundations rest on the bed rock of human nature, while he is a feather-brained enthusiast, tilting at a castle of stone with a wooden spear. They let him play at the game of reform, and get what amusement he may out of it, while they go on their way as if he were not. He may make a deal of noise in the newspapers, but when it comes to counting the votes he is not "in it." In fact, if it were not for his incurable childishness, he would long ago have given up trying to accomplish anything, seeing that he hardly ever scores a success, and when he does is unable to hold its fruits for any length of time.

This is what we hear from the practical politician and from many practical men who are not politicians, and it is what a surface view of events may seem to justify. But when we come to think about the matter, we see that something else is happening besides the carrying of elections, either by the friends or the enemies of political improvement. Just as, in struggles between parties, the defeated side may impose upon the victorious party the necessity of adopting the very policy against which it had been fighting—as was done sixty years ago in England by the free-traders, as has been done more recently by the Democratic party in our own country in some important directions—so the reform agitations in our politics, while continually meeting with defeat, are continually bringing about the results toward which they are directed. The classic instance of this is the case of civil service reform. There has never been a time when it could be said that civil-service reform had at last carried the country, or had come anywhere near carrying the country. It began as an agitation stirred by a little group of earnest men, and advocated by a very few superior journals; and from that day to this, it has never counted among its genuine adherents more than a small minority of the members of Congress. But at an early stage it got itself embodied in an act of Congress, at a time when the public conscience was peculiarly roused; and in the face of the aversion and hostility of the great majority of Congressmen, it has grown stronger and stronger ever since. At the present time its principles govern appointments and promotions in about 200,000 Federal offices; every President, every high executive officer, has for years been emphatically its friend; and there is scarcely a respectable newspaper in the country that is not its hearty supporter. And all this has been accomplished by the steady pressure exercised by the merit of the cause. It must be traced to its source in the persistent efforts of a handful of men who were laughed at for years as the most visionary of visionaries, the most unpractical of theorists.

What is thus exhibited on a national scale and in a clear-cut way in this conspicuous instance manifests itself less definitely, but no less effectively, in a thousand shapes in other governmental matters, both national and local. In spite of all deficiencies and discouragements, the standard of American city government is steadily rising, and has advanced far beyond what was familiar to the men of twenty or forty years ago. The opportunity for abuses is tenfold what it was in those simpler days, but abuses are held in check by an increase in the efficacy of public opinion and by a great change in the standards of public judgment. And this has not come to pass of itself. It has been brought about by unceasing effort, and especially by the fight for reform, ever beaten and ever renewed. If the "Oh, well" people had had their way—the people who would admit that thus and so was very bad, but who knew that nothing could be done about it and that it was sure to stay—we should have been not only as badly off as ever, but a great deal worse. Again and again, the politicians have won, but had first been made so uncomfortable that they found it best to "pander to the better element." Whenever a painful inch has been won in this way, it has been pretty sure to stay won; and by slow accumulation we have gained in the course of time a great deal. Many a thing which would have been a matter of course in the days of Fernando Wood or of A. Oakey Hall would to-day seem to Tammany itself too shocking to be thought of.

Sanguine people in Boston, it is stated, are hoping that Mayor-elect Fitzgerald will be as good as some of his promises, and a great deal better than his record. They point to Mayor Gaynor, and say: "Is he not on his mettle, and trying to justify himself after all the unkind words spoken in the New York campaign? Well, that is the case with Fitzgerald." Now, whatever may be the case as to either Mr. Gaynor or Mr. Fitzgerald—two men, by the way, about as different as possible, in their past record—certain it is that precisely that thing has happened again and again; the reformers and the "kickers" have been beaten at the election, but have in large measure had their will nevertheless. Their candidates have failed to get the offices, but their principles have been recognized by those who did. Thus, though from day to day, it may have seemed as if nothing was being accomplished, a glance backward through the decades shows that the good work has yielded good and substantial fruit.

THE ARMY ELIMINATION BILL.

We have received within the last ten days many requests from army officers for aid in opposing Senate bill 1018, which provides for promotion in the army by elimination. Introduced in similar form in 1906 and 1908, it is now being vigorously pushed in Washington, by those who are hopeful of its passage because it does not carry an immediate and definite increase in expenditure. Its purpose is to insure a regular flow of promotion at a rate sufficient in the opinion of the War Department to bring officers into the upper grades at an age it deems desirable. This the bill does by providing annual elimination of officers—if there be not sufficient vacancies caused by death, resignation, or retirement for age or disability. It was recommended by President Taft when Secretary of War in these terms:

> It is a remarkable fact that our organization and our promotion laws are such as to insure in the greater part of the fighting force the minimum of promotion with a maximum of rust and decrepitude, exactly the reverse of what a wise policy would dictate. It is to remedy in some degree this unfortunate and unwise condition that this bill is offered. It makes no extravagant

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demands on the Treasury. It does injustice to no man. It is believed that it would, in practice, operate most beneficially to give our mobile army one of the most essential features of such a force, *i. e.*, field and company officers possessed of zeal and physical energy.

Now, if these were the facts, why is the army rising up to protest against so benevolent a measure? But, as the *Army and Navy Journal* has said, no elimination bill can fail to work some injustice, and the service is convinced that this particular bill would do vast injustice. As for the Treasury, it will feel no particular burden in the first few years, but Mr. Taft himself declared that the bill would speedily increase the retired list of 1,556 officers, as it then was, to 3,763, which would mean a very considerable drain upon the public funds. Moreover, it would establish what ought to be regarded as a vicious principle, even though it has been adopted in the navy, viz., the pensioning of able-bodied and professionally qualified officers in order that others may more speedily acquire high rank and larger pay. The excuse for this is the necessity of putting young men in places of responsibility—regardless of the fact that some of our most famous military and naval commanders have, like Farragut, Robert E. Lee, Winfield Scott, and many others, borne the heaviest responsibilities when well past the prime of life.

But Mr. Taft went furthest astray in his advocacy of the Elimination bill when he averred that it would work "injustice to no man." A correspondent of the *Army and Navy Journal* readily punctures that by citing specific cases. Although it does not appear on the surface, the bill is really based on the principle of "age in grade." The idea is to eliminate officers by drawing a deadline at a certain age. For instance, it is understood that no captain will be permitted to remain in active service who has passed forty-four. But officers do not enter the service at the same age. Those from West Point are usually younger than those from the ranks or the volunteers, and men have come in from civil life at a very youthful age. For instance, Capt. J. L. DeWitt, Twentieth Infantry, entered as a lieutenant at eighteen years and nine months, and had, therefore, twenty-five years and three months in which to become a major, while Capt. Joseph Frazier, Fourteenth Cavalry, commissioned at twenty-six and a half years, had only seventeen years and a half in which to become a major. The unfairness of this needs no demonstration; distinguished service, attainments, count for naught, since all promotion is by seniority up to the grade of general; that is, no one shall be advanced out of order, and it all becomes a question of age at entry into service.

Moreover, the pension feature of the bill—the eliminated officer is to receive a percentage of his pay, arrived at by taking one-twelfth of the square of his years of service—is regarded by the service as a breach of contract. One captain writes us:

> On entering the service, as I did nearly twenty-five years ago, the government held out the inducement that . . . if one was not killed before he was sixty-four, he would be retired on a certain stated pension—three-quarters of his pay at date of retirement. If disabled in the meantime, the retirement was the same. Now, having gone through two campaigns and long-continued exposure in the tropics, and after nearly twenty-five years of service, this bill says to me: "Some one desires quick promotion—you happen to be a couple of years over the age for grade limit set in this bill—your service has been admirable; you have been recommended by seniors continuously; we have no criticism to offer on either your mental or physical capacity or condition—but you are just beyond the age for that grade, and we regret (?) we have to eliminate you to improve the service."

Not only so, but the actual pension offered is pitifully small. One first lieutenant, if eliminated for age, would, in our knowledge, receive $6.75 on each $100 of his present pay of $2,000. Capt. U. G. Worrilow, Twenty-ninth Infantry, who came up from the ranks, could be eliminated this year as over forty-four on a retired pay of $50.40 a month, or *less* than he would have received had he remained in the ranks and retired as a first sergeant! Capt. Frazier after twenty-four years of service would receive $71.10 per month. Other officers who came in from the volunteers and the reorganization in 1901, and are already over age as lieutenants, would be cast adrift in middle life with their families to care for on retired pay of from $18 to $30 a month. And yet Mr. Taft could see no injustice in this bill for any man!

We do not believe that the bill will pass; it ought never to leave the committee-room. In our experience, no worse measure dealing with army affairs has been devised. It would destroy ambition and interest in their work among all officers devoid of War Department or political influence, and would send many scurrying back to civil life. It would make the army a hot-bed of intrigue, wire-pulling, and politics, and the army is sufficiently cursed in these respects already. Elimination is possible enough under existing promotion laws, if boards of examination for advancement would rigidly do their duty and disqualify men who are morally unfit, have become professionally rusty or physically disabled, or are merely worthless generally. To this extent the remedy for existing evils, if the present bill is defeated, lies in the hands of the army itself.

SCIENCE LOST IN THE SCIENCES.

Prof. E. B. Tylor has just resigned at the age of seventy-eighty the chair of anthropology at Oxford, which he had held for more than a quarter of a century. It is fully fifty years ago that he came to the front with studies which perhaps entitle him to the name that has been bestowed upon him by admirers, "the father of anthropology." The work of scientific investigation and inference which he and his fellows did was undeniably important and fruitful. They set the world right in regard to the actual beginnings and early progress of human society. By accumulating great masses of fact and making the appropriate deductions therefrom, they showed what primitive culture really was, as opposed to previous imaginings about the original constitution of society, "natural right," and the whole range of ideas which we associate with the name of Rousseau. This was a fine achievement. Those who fed on Tylor's books about Mexican civilization or his "Researches into the History of Mankind," got not only a large amount of interesting information, but also a new way of thinking about the whole problem of man's development on this earth. From those works on anthropology they acquired a point of view and a method by which to judge all writings and speculations and phenomena bearing on the subject.

In the course of Tylor's life the field which he began to work has been enormously cultivated. Many learned crimes have been committed in the name of anthropology. Material has been flung forth in profusion, and new theories

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have grown upon every bush. And in the presence of all the minute monographs and painful ransacking of the world to snap up a few overlooked trifles, it is undoubtedly the case that we do not feel the same sense of sureness and movement that we did in the early work. This may no doubt be in part because Tylor and Sir Henry Maine and the others were, in a sort, pioneers opening to us a fascinating new country; but there is more in it than that. They had their facts better in hand than do many of their successors; did not so much lose themselves in details; kept up a more rigorously scientific habit of mind throughout. If they did not spread before us so much matter as the moderns, they gave us more science—that is, ordered knowledge, facts made luminous by great working hypotheses.

We have a great many more sciences nowadays—a fairly bewildering multiplicity of them—but have we as much science? This is a question which Prof. John Dewey asked in his address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Boston. His theme was "Science as Subject-matter and as Method," and a part of his contention was that we are in danger of losing science in the sciences. There has been a great influx of scientific studies; the courses in schools and colleges are overburdened with them; all modern education is more or less colored by them. But have we got as much out of them as we expected? If we have not, one reason may be that we have been so swamped in the facts that we have not had time to drill our minds in the meaning of the facts. We have accumulated faster than we could interpret, and have got a lot of ill-assorted knowledge about many things without having fortified ourselves in the proper mental habit for approaching all knowledge and sifting all facts. As Professor Dewey puts it: "Science teaching has suffered because science has been so frequently presented just as so much ready-made knowledge, so much subject-matter of fact and law, rather than as the effective method of inquiry into any subject-matter."

There have been many sneers in recent years at "scientific method." If we could believe some leaders in the intellectual world, there is no such thing, except in very narrow limits. One way of getting at the truth is as good as another. Things are pretty largely in a state of flux and uncertainty, anyhow, and if we can manage to flounder out upon some useful piece of dry ground amid the welter, let us not inquire exactly how we got there. But all this flouting of scientific method is, of course, only a disparaging of the human mind. We have to find out how to reason and how things happen, and when we speak of the laws of thought and the canons of logic and the relations of cause and effect we really mean scientific method, whether we call it by that name or another. Educated men can have no other guide as they confront the new and untried things that continually thrust themselves into the world. Facts and appearances are continually changing, but the rational way of looking into them and drawing the proper inferences from them must always be the same.

It is on account of losing hold upon this spirit of all science that we are so much exposed to-day to what may be called the ravages of the sciences. One almost despairingly concludes, sometimes, that the more the world knows, the more superstitious it becomes. The very triumphs of science become food for unreason. Wireless telegraphy is seized upon to justify a belief in messages from angels; radio-activity explains the miracles; occultism makes itself the handmaiden of science. If these things are so—and who can deny them?—the reason is that we have cultivated in one way and another the attitude of marvelling in the presence of scientific discovery, instead of endeavoring to grasp its rationale, and that we have been more eager to appropriate the results of scientific conquest than to fix in ourselves the scientific habit of mind. So far as it can be said that this has come about in consequence of our being flooded with new sciences and fresh developments of old ones, we must agree with Professor Dewey that, in such case, "the natural common sense of mankind has been interfered with to its detriment."

"IT'S ME."

A notable development of present-day civilization is the tightening bond of sympathy between science and the small boy. Things that the small boy has been for ages forbidden to do, to eat, or to say, nowadays receive the stamp of approval from science. It is good for a boy to have three helpings of pie and all the jam he can raid, because his growing organism demands it. It is good for him to smoke cigarettes because the operation reveals the first adventurous stirrings of the adolescent soul and because a stomach-ache teaches him the truth that Nature demands a price for everything. It is good for him to play truant, because that is his way of protesting against the conventions of our artificial modern life. And among other things, it is good for the small boy to say "it's me" and "it's her," because that is the way everybody will speak a few hundred years from now. No less a specialist in English philology than Professor Jespersen has been the last to put the case for the small boy and his elder brother.

Professor Jespersen is certainly right to this extent, that the partisans of "it's me" and "it's him" have the rest of us against the wall. The average teacher in the public schools, feeling that he is a man before he is a pedagogue, now boldly asserts that "it is I" is pedantic, and "it's me" is becoming increasingly proper. But if our guardians of the grammar-book lose their savor, wherewith shall we be salted? Perhaps the school-teacher would be a little more timid in knocking down the idols at whose feet he is supposed to minister, if he did not have behind him the sanction of a higher law; and that higher law goes by the name of "usage." Now, usage is a shibboleth of comparatively recent origin; but its vogue has been great and inevitable in this democratic age. It is not so much that usage stands for something as that it stands against something else. Usage cries defiance to the iron laws of the grammar, with its feudal caste of things absolutely proper and things absolutely improper. The grammar, with its laws and exceptions, means long and painful study. But anybody can walk out into the street and pick up usage. It is the triumph of Rousseau in the field of linguistics.

The principle behind the modern revolt against the grammar is sound enough; provided, that is, the grammar is really as black as its enemies have painted it. It is not to be denied that language was made for man, and not man for language, and that language is consequently a living, growing thing, and that all grammarian pedants, potentates, and pretenders who assume to say, "This is eternally right" and "That is eternally wrong," had better get out

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of the way of the wheels of progress. Whereupon strong young hands drag out that ancient scarecrow of the grammarian whom generations have girded against: the grammarian who preaches prunes and prisms, and the expulsion of prepositions from the end of sentences, and the use of "if I were he" in expressing the idea of doubt, instead of "if I was he," or, better still, "if I was him," or better still, "if I wuz him." Poor, traduced grammarian, the wild young *sansculottes* hang you from the lantern for trying your best to do what they curse you for not doing—to find out what is this mysterious thing called usage, and to set it down piously and patiently in your book.

For this poor devil of a grammarian might lift his ensanguined head and feebly try to make the point that usage is not a standard, but a flux; not a thing, but the resultant of two forces pulling in opposite directions. Usage is established just as much by the conservative who insists on saying "it is I" as by the radical who says "it's me." Asking the conservative to throw up the sponge because "it's me" seems bound to win is contrary to the law of balance that shapes everything in the universe. In the battle between linguistic innovation and linguistic conservatism, usage is the inevitable compromise. It is good that there should be people who say "it's I" and people who say "it's me." Otherwise we should have either petrifaction or anarchy. It is not a question of right or wrong, but of temperament; and no man should do violence to his temperament. If you positively must say "if I was him" instead of "if I were he," say it; but abstain from calling names because your neighbor is a timid, quiet man who believes that the subjunctive may be used to express doubt or contingency, and prefers to write "through" instead of "thru." Let us remember that it is the men of his kind that have kept such precious drops as "lemon" and "pazaza" out of the well of English undefiled.

There will always be people who embrace the new, even when the new takes on such aspects of loveliness as blossom in "enthuse" and "electrocute." There will always be people who believe that there is a fine economy and discipline in getting along by established rule. The two types are necessary to each other, and we cannot understand why the hot-blooded ones should sneer about pedantries and affectations. Surely no old-fashioned user of "it is I" has inflicted on others one fraction of the pain that he suffers every time he reads of "the Senator whom everybody says is bound to win out." The same forces that are working for the triumph of "it's me" are working for the triumph of the Senator whom everybody says. We will not deny that our position in this case is a desperate one. Our great-grandchildren will probably welter in an indiscriminate sea of whoing and whoming. But till the flood rises over our heads some of us will stand by the old gods and refuse to speak of the Senator whom everybody says is bound to win out and the servant girl who the butcher told he loved her.

What if Byron did write, "There let him lay," and Shakespeare said, "Damned be him who first cries hold, enough"? Shakespeare, in the course of his life, might have slipped on the ice and broken a leg without making fractured legs an essential attribute of genius. Life is guided by norms, and not by aberrations. And it is the grammarian's duty to find out what the norms of language are. If most of us sneer at the grammarian to whom most of us are indebted for the familiar literary allusions with which we garnish our speech, it is only the way of the world.

SHELLEY.—I.

I.

In confessing that he wrote his life of Shelley* as a middle-aged man for other middle-aged men, Mr. Clutton-Brock forgot to reckon with the wit of his youthful reviewers; and yet, if by middle-age he means the experience of life, what right, after all, has Shelley or any other darling of the Muses to be immune from that censure? The biographer's real fault is rather an amazing ingenuousness in trying to ride at once the horses of both youth and maturity. On one page he analyzes "Prometheus Unbound" as a drama of a single event, and that causeless, acted by characters who drift about aimlessly and who do not know who they are or what relation they bear to one another: that is the critical attitude of mature commonsense. It is the audacious enthusiasm of youth when in a later passage he insists that the author of this drama proves himself an "intellectual poet." It is the same double-dealing when in one place he asserts that Shelley's ideas and emotions underwent little change; and then, a few pages after, with a covert allusion to Matthew Arnold, declares that the poet "was not a vapid angel singing silly hymns; but a man who only learnt to live well and write well by sharp experience." Now, Shelley is "a being prophetic of some higher state to which mankind shall attain, and unfit for this life only because he was fit for a better"; elsewhere his Paradise is pronounced "a mere impossibility, an incongruous mixture of present pleasure of the flesh with imagined delights of the spirit."

I do not quote these acrobatic feats of criticism to ridicule Mr. Clutton-Brock's book, which is indeed as a whole an illuminating piece of work; but because they are so characteristic of our modern way of dealing with facts and tendencies. Look, for instance, into Miss Vida Scudder's school edition of the "Prometheus," with its long Introduction—not a very wise production, perhaps, but significant as a woman's conception of a peculiarly feminine genius and as a specimen of what commonly, no doubt, passes in courses of literature. You will there find that the drama "has a noble and organic unity," although, while the second act is the most wonderful thing "in the whole cycle of English song," the third "drops into bathos" and is "weak, sentimental, empty." The poem as a whole is "a work of resplendent insight," yet its interpretation of evil—that is, the very heart of its theme—is "hopelessly superficial," and man is depicted in it as "a creature of no personality, scarcely higher, except for his æsthetic instincts, than an amiable brute."

After all these knights and ladies of the romantic pen seem to discover in Shelley traits pretty much like those which they so magnificently disdain Matthew Arnold for announcing. Nor is the present the only field of their inconsistent attack. Mr. Clutton-Brock cites for reprobation a long passage from Hazlitt's "Table Talk"; yet most of what the old bludgeoner says can, with some change of emphasis, be matched in the modern biographer's own pages. In like manner Miss Scudder puts the ancient reviewers in the stocks to show by comparison how wise we since have grown. She quotes from *Blackwood's* of September, 1820, and from the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1821:

> In short, it is quite impossible that there should exist a more pestiferous mixture of blasphemy, sedition, and sensuality, than is visible in the whole structure and strain of this poem ["Prometheus"], which, nevertheless, and notwithstanding all the detestation its principles excite, must and will be considered by all that read it attentively, as abounding in poetical beauties of the highest order. (*Blackwood's.*)

In Mr. Shelley's poetry, all is brilliance,

*"Shelley: The Man and the Poet." By A. Clutton-Brock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

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vacuity, and confusion. We are dazzled by the multitude of words which sound as if they denoted something very grand or splendid: fragments of images pass in crowds before us; but when the procession has gone by, and the tumult of it is over, not a trace of it remains upon the memory. The mind, fatigued and perplexed, is mortified by the consciousness that its labor has not been rewarded by the acquisition of a single distinct conception. (*Quarterly.*)

Really, with the best will in the world, I cannot see that Miss Scudder differs so much from the reviled reviewer of *Blackwood's*, except that she seems to feel no indignation against an author whose sense of evil is "hopelessly superficial." Nor does Mr. Clutton-Brock stand very far from the *Quarterly* when he says that "in a story there should be some relation of cause and effect, otherwise it will not hold together; in 'The Revolt of Islam' there is none"; and admits that "in its very absurdity it shows the character of Shelley's mind." The chief difference is that Mr. Clutton-Brock apparently thinks it quite a small matter if a long and professedly philosophical poem leaves the reader perplexed and without any distinct conception of what it is all about.

II.

Now these names represent no isolated paradox of taste, but the almost constant current of criticism from Shelley's own day to this. Their dilemma is due, I think, to a fact which his contemporary critics held, if anything, too belligerently in view, and which his modern worshippers commonly allow and then deliberately forget—that his was a genius fine and impressionable, meant by nature for the perception and utterance of rare truths, but marred in its very essence by the obliquity of time. His work is a confirmation in a way of his master Godwin's theory—though contrary in direction to his master's design—that education is a power to shape the destinies of man. The value of Mr. Clutton-Brock's biography lies in the clearness and frankness with which he unravels Shelley's motives and ideas; and this value is enhanced, perhaps, by the biographer's sympathy, paradoxical indeed, but so profound as to make him in the end deny utterly the logic of his premises. But we need not go to the commentators on Shelley's life to discover the influences that worked upon him. Sufficient testimony may be found in his own Letters, which have just been brought together and excellently edited by Roger Ingpen.* The new material here offered is slight, but the collection has the merit of setting the recently discovered letters to Elizabeth Hitchener—and others less important—in their proper place in the full correspondence. I do not see how any open mind can go through these letters without feeling that Shelley was powerfully affected by the prevailing forces of the age (which is commonly conceded), and that his character and poetry suffered a certain perversion from this influence (which is often conceded and denied in the same breath).

Those directing forces were the twin spirits—if they were not one power in dual manifestation—of revolution and romanticism. The revolutionary spirit, whether for weal or for ill, had breathed upon all the finer minds of the age, and indeed not upon the minds of that age alone. But the impulse that came to Shelley was not merely revolt against tyranny, or even the wanton itch for change—*neoterism*, as the ancients called it. That kind of political excitement may or may not have a perverting effect upon a poet. Milton lived in such a time of upheaval; and if the excess and bad taste that here and there mar his later works are attributable to the harsh pride of rebellion, it left his deeper insight untouched, even, perhaps, strengthened the wings of his fierce aspiration. But with Shelley revolution meant the fluttering of an opaque and dizzying flag between the poet's inner eye and the truth of human nature. He was peculiarly the child of his age, betrayed by his own feminine fineness of nature, and lacking that toughness of fibre, or residue of resistant prose, which made Byron and Wordsworth followers but not altogether the victims of the ever-despotic Hour. With a child-like credulity almost inconceivable he accepted the current doctrine that mankind is naturally and inherently virtuous, needing only the deliverance from some outwardly applied oppression to spring back to its essential perfection. With Rousseau the perverting force had been property. With Shelley it was more commonly personified as Jehovah or Jove,

Foul tyrant both of Gods and Human-kind.

Shelley was a pretty wide reader of Greek, and it may be that in writing his allegorical drama on this creed he had in mind not only the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, but for a remote analogy to his personification of evil went back to Homer's blind *atê*, which Zeus cast upon the minds of those who were doomed to sin. And in so far as he did this he would only have voiced a universal and unreasoning sentiment of the human heart; for Achilles was but the type of us all, when in the stress of bewilderment he cried out against the government of the world:

It is thou, father Zeus, that givest to men the great passions of evil (μεγάλας ἄτας).

But Zeus was to Homer at least a living being, whereas Shelley's Jehovah is merely a symbol of a power in human destiny tremendously energetic, yet, if you seek it, non-existent. And Shelley, when he made of man's bewildered outcry a rigid philosophy and principle of action, might have remembered also the words of Zeus (to which Pope has given so amusing an anti-Calvinistic twang):

Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
All to the dooming gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.

III.

To Shelley's old detractor of *Blackwood's* (when religion was a fairly serious concern) his philosophy was "pestiferous blasphemy"; his modern academic admirer merely disregards it as "hopelessly superficial." To me, I confess, it is chiefly unliterary, destructive, that is to say, of that self-knowledge out of which the great creations and the magnificent joys of literature grow. The importance of Shelley's Letters also is largely derived from their confirmation of this critical attitude by their betrayal of the same force at work in his conduct. It is not that he was by nature base or sensual or cruel; on the contrary, his life was ennobled by many acts of instinctive generosity, and his feelings were normally fine. Nevertheless, there was some flaw at his heart; some weakness of overweening self-trust, which exposed him to the most insidious poison of the age, and in the final test left him almost inhuman. "In all Shelley did," wrote his wife after his death, "he, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified to his own conscience." The words have been used by Matthew Arnold as a text; they would have been still truer to character if to "at the time" Mrs. Shelley had added "and always." Opinions may differ in regard to Shelley's culpability toward his first wife, Harriet Westbrook, although no chivalrous mind, I think, can read his letters at the time of his elopement with her and, later, of his desertion of her for another woman, without feeling a touch of resentment at his self-absorption and his complete assumption of righteousness. And resentment deepens into detestation at his letters written when the abandoned woman, a pitiable thing no matter what her fault, drowned herself in the Serpentine. On the day he heard the news, or possibly the day after, he wrote to Harriet's supplanter:

Everything tends to prove, however, that beyond the shock of so hideous a catastrophe having fallen on a human being once so nearly connected with me, there would, in any case, have been little to regret. Hookham, Longdill, every one does me full justice; bears testimony to the upright spirit and liberality of my conduct to her. There is but one voice in condemnation of the detestable Westbrooks. If they should dare to bring it before Chancery [they did dare, and nothing derogatory to them transpired], a scene of such fearful horror would be un-

*"The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Collected and edited by Roger Ingpen. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6 net.

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folded as would cover them with scorn and shame.

Little to regret, save the shock to his nerves of so unpleasant an event. Mr. Clutton-Brock observes that Shelley did not do himself "full justice in this letter." He did not, for he was by birth neither maniac nor brute; but he wrote on that day a lurid comment on the effect upon individual character of revolutionary Pharisaism; nor did his sentiments change with time, for in a letter to Southey four years later he wrote of the event in the same vein. The malignant reviewer of *Blackwood's* called those principles "pestiferous"; Miss Scudder rebukes the reviewer and styles them "superficial." Perhaps it is more critical to reflect merely that, as Mrs. Shelley said, the poet's verse was inspired by the passions of his private life, and that the horrors threatened in "Prometheus" against the "foul tyrant both of Gods and Humankind" sprang from precisely the same source as the imprecations upon the Westbrooks. "I have confidence in my moral sense alone," said Shelley once in a letter to Leigh Hunt; "but that is a kind of originality."

IV.

With that moral self-complaisance went another trait, if indeed it was not merely a different aspect of the same influence. By Shelley each emotion as it arose in his breast was accepted as justified in itself, without pausing to consider its cause or consequence. The full meaning of this emotionalism can be grasped only by a long view into the past. To the great writers of the seventeenth century human nature was a thing to distrust as containing tendencies of ruinous evil. "Men naturally know no Good," said Jeremy Taylor, voicing the constant opinion of his age, "but to please a wild, indetermined, infinite Appetite." But along with this fear of undisciplined nature, went a belief in the efficacy and virtue of certain supernatural emotions, in an infinite appetite that was not wild and indetermined—in enthusiasm.

The following age—and this was the whole force of Deism, one of the most important movements in history—brought about a complete reversal of this position. The very titles of the leading publications show the change: Dr. Clarke writes on "The Unchangeable Obligations of *Natural* Religion"; Wollaston elaborates his "Religion of *Nature* Delineated"; Butler preaches "Upon the *Natural* Supremacy of Conscience," etc., etc. But this rehabilitation of nature, toward which the eighteenth century, and particularly England of that age, labored so assiduously, was based, in the earlier years, on a constant distinction: nature was used almost without deviation as a synonym of reason; and strong emotion, or enthusiasm, was equally condemned as contrary to nature, and perilous. Pages might be filled with the utterances of deists and even the opponents of Deism on this head, but nothing, perhaps, can be found more characteristic and inclusive than the simple words of her father to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the learned translator of Epictetus: "'You seem extremely fond of her [Mrs. Rowe's] writings. I have seen some that have in them a tincture of enthusiasm. 'Tis proper to caution you not to read them with too much pleasure. Enthusiasm grows upon us insensibly." In that distrust of free emotion lay the strength of the time, the power that made its belief in nature ancillary to its belief in order and subordination (cf. Butler's "Sermons" and Dr. Johnson's conversation *passim* on subordination); here, too, lay the cause of its limitation, for this dread of enthusiasm cut off the great inspirations of the preceding age as well as the disturbing passions. The fascination of the century for the student is to watch the rise of this hated spirit of enthusiasm through all obstacles to the surface. The word was long repudiated even by those who were bringing back its force; so Wesley cries out: "The reproach of Christ I am willing to bear; but not the reproach of enthusiasm." Who can measure all that has passed in the inner life of man between the timidity of Dr. Carter and the bold utterance of Shelley in the preface to "The Revolt of Islam": "It is the business of the poet to communicate to others the pleasure and the enthusiasm," etc.? There is expressed the elevation and the power of the romantic renaissance; the peril of the movement lies in the fact that with its return to seventeenth-century enthusiasm it retained the eighteenth-century acceptance of nature, now without restriction, thus leaving to itself no inner check.

All the revolutionary poets of England were affected by the same emotional philosophy, however their practice was modified by other principles. Wordsworth proclaimed it in his worship of the "impulse from the vernal wood," but with an admixture of Puritanic asceticism which made of it a kind of passive discipline. Byron possessed with it a saving self-reproach and cynicism. In Keats it was qualified by an æsthetic humility which rendered him in the end curiously docile to tradition. Few things are more significant in the romantic poetry of England than the change in Keats's versification from the license of his rhymed couplets in "Endymion" to the almost Chaucerian regularity of "Lamia." Whether or not that change will appear altogether a profit, it must be admitted that no such organic development can be discovered in Shelley; nor in his correspondence will you find anything comparable to the long letter of Keats to Reynolds (May 3, 1818) in which he questions the very principles of his own poetic theory. "The thought of such discipline," wrote Keats himself to Shelley, "must fall like cold chains upon you." Shelley, indeed, grew in metrical skill and power of expression, but from first to last his procedure was essentially unaltered: his "Prometheus" is only "Queen Mab" writ large; his "Epipsychidion" reëchoes in firmer strain the vagaries of "Alastor." Always his philosophy, whether magnified into a shadowy mythology or expressed in human drama, whether it be the love and hate of Prometheus or his own relation to mankind, is the voice of enthusiasm, of unreasoned emotion.

It would not be profitable to follow out all the workings of that emotionalism, but one aspect of it shows so curious a link between the man and the poet as to deserve emphasis. Critics have commented on Shelley's extraordinary faculty of self-deception in regard to his friends, who so often were angels of light when first they appeared to him under the radiance of his own imagination, and demons of malevolence when they came to be known as real men and women having wills at variance with his. This form of delusion was not due merely to the inexperience of youth, for at the end of his life in Italy he was subject to the same revulsion, if not so violently expressed, toward such friends as the Gisbornes. But the classic example (classic as being so perfect an expression of a trait common to all the Rousselian tribe) is in the letters to Elizabeth Hitchener. These were for some time known in manuscript, and forced even the most ardent romanticists to admit a certain weakness in their hero. They were then printed in a separate edition, but the full weight of their testimony is best understood by reading them as they are now incorporated by Mr. Ingpen in the general correspondence.

Miss Hitchener was a young schoolmistress with whom Shelley became acquainted shortly before his marriage to Harriet Westbrook. Her notions were liberal and her fancy ardent; "an *esprit fort*," Medwin called her; "ceruleanly blue," who "fancied herself a poet." After his marriage Shelley began to send her letters in the most rhapsodical vein of adulation. She is the sister of his soul: "I look up to you," he exclaims, "as a mighty mind. . . . I anticipate the era of reform with the more eagerness as I picture to myself *you* the barrier between violence and renovation"; with his brain and his heart she constitutes the Trinity of his Essence; she must leave all and come to live with him and Harriet—"nothing shall prevent our eternal union in the summer"—and to defer to the opinions of those who foresee scandal in such a union is to sacrifice "to the *world!* to

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the swinish multitude, to the indiscriminating million, to such as burnt the House of Priestley, such as murdered Fitzgerald," etc. Well, this female paragon closed her school, and joined the young married couple in July of 1812; in November of the same year she had left them, and Shelley is soon writing to his friend Hogg of "the Brown Demon, as we call our late tormentor and schoolmistress. . . . She is an artful, superficial, ugly, hermaphroditical beast of a woman." To another friend he describes her as "a woman of desperate views and dreadful passions, but of cool and undeviating revenge."

Are not these fragments of correspondence a curious comment on the statement of Mr. Clutton-Brock that most of the characters of "Prometheus" are "so abstract that we do not even know who they are"; and again that "The Cenci," which deals with human beings, is even "far more unreal" than the "Prometheus," which is professedly allegorical? As Shelley judged his friends from the immediate emotions they aroused in him, or from some fanciful association with the emotion dominant in his mind, without a care for the various and real springs of action in himself or them, so he created his poetical characters. P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Since printing our notes on Thackeray's "English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century" (*Nation*, January 27), we have examined a copy of the first American edition of the book published by Harper & Bros. the same year, 1853. Although the title-page of this edition does not contain the words "Delivered in England, Scotland, and the United States of America," agreeing in this with the first English edition, the variations of the text show that it was printed from the second English edition, and not from the first. This American edition has a positive first edition value as it contains a seventh lecture, "Charity and Humour," not printed in England until 1885. The lecture was written and delivered in New York for the benefit of the "Ladies Society for the Employment and Relief of the Poor."

It was with a shock of surprise that we read the title-page of the catalogue of Sotheby's sale of February 24 and 25: "Catalogue of Books, Pamphlets, Tracts, Poems, Plays, etc., from the Britwell Court Library." Now, the library at Britwell Court, Buckinghamshire, is regarded as about the finest in England remaining in private ownership. It was formed by William Henry Miller (1789-1848), who was one of the largest buyers, especially of English poetry, at the several sales of the great library of Richard Heber, dispersed in 1834, 1835, and 1836. The collection has been kept intact and enlarged by later owners. On the death of Wakefield Christie-Miller, in 1898, it passed to his sons, then minors, we believe. Although no such statement is made by the auctioneers, a glance at the sale catalogue shows that the books are duplicates and imperfect copies, and not an important selection from the library itself. Some important and valuable books are, however, included, among them the first edition of Milton's "Areopagitica" (1644), uncut, and in the greater part unopened; Abraham Fraunce's "Countess of Pembroke's Yvychurch" and "Countess of Pembroke's Emanuel" (1591), both imperfect; "The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ" (1601), recently reprinted by William Loring Andrews; Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" (1566-1580), imperfect; Gay's first book, "Wine, a Poem" (1708); and several first editions of the books of Dryden, Pope, Swift, and other writers.

On February 15 and 16, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will hold an important sale of autograph letters and manuscripts, partly from the papers of Joseph Willard, president of Harvard College. Eight letters of Washington will be offered, one dated April, 1754, written to Gov. Dinwiddie, one dated May, 1758, and one dated November 3, 1761. Such early letters are extremely rare. Among other important Revolutionary names, specimens of which occur in the sale, are John Hancock, John Adams, Israel Putnam, Elbridge Gerry, William Heath, Benjamin Lincoln, and others. There are also many early documents written or signed by New Englanders of prominence before the Revolution, a set of Episcopal Bishops, comprising two hundred and fifteen names, and manuscripts and letters of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Thoreau, and others.

On February 15 and 16 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city sells a collection of books and pamphlets, and on February 17 a collection of books from the library of the late Dr. William H. Egle of Harrisburg, Pa. No items of special note are included.

Correspondence.

THE BACONIAN ACROSTIC.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a letter printed in your issue of January 20, Mr. Frederick E. Pierce of Yale University makes public some calculations as to the possible frequency with which one might find a given name hidden by the application of a given method in the first folio of the plays of Mr. William Shakespeare.

I wonder whether Mr. Pierce could be persuaded to use the carefully and laboriously obtained figures, the results of which he gives us so lucidly, in another calculation which shall take into account *all* the factors of the problem. He says that "for the sake of simplicity" he has "disregarded certain factors."

When we are calculating the recurrence of a given name in *any* place, as is the case with Mr. Pierce, we should naturally pursue a different line of calculation from that which would be necessary to show what the chances are that a suspected name will *recur in a series of closely corresponding places*, such as the first or last page or column, the prologue or the epilogue, of works suspected on other grounds to be put forth by the man whose name is the subject of discussion. This point may be illustrated by analogy.

There are many marbles in the world. One could describe the methods by which marbles are made. One could also calculate the average number of marbles which might be held in the pocket of each citizen. Quite another calculation would be necessary to determine the average number of marbles which would be held in the pockets of boys under twelve years of age. Still another calculation would be needed to determine how probable it is that any given kind of marble will be found in the pocket of the head boy of any given school.

The doctrine of chances is a difficult and subtle matter in mathematics, and yet we base our keenest bargains upon it, and most of the acts of everyday life. Its use in special cases is sometimes striking. For instance, the mind, in emergencies, makes curiously short cuts with the doctrine of chance. The mathematician can follow in the wake of the analytical faculty, and prove the validity of its deductions, but he cannot begin to equal the lightning rapidity of reason. Suppose I find a crowd in the street. A dead man lies in their midst, killed by a motor. A policeman comes up and asks if any one knows the name of the dead man. One says that he thinks that the dead man is John Jones of Summerville; another says, "No, I think his name is Brown; he lives in Worcester." Still another is quite sure that he is Ephraim Hutton of New Haven. And so on through the crowd. Perhaps several men will suggest other names. One little man, however, pushes his way through the crowd, and, after a careful look, says with some conviction in his tone, "I am pretty sure that that is John Spoopendyke of Podunk. He has been missing for some time, and that looks like him." The policeman then examines the dead man's pockets, and finds some letters; say, ten addressed to Henry Roberts, several letters addressed to other men also not suspected by the crowd, and one letter addressed to John Spoopendyke of Podunk. The policeman very naturally telephones to Mrs. John Spoopendyke, and tells her that her husband is hurt. He may prove to have been wrong in supposing that our Mr. Spoopendyke was her husband; for the dead man might be her cousin; but the policeman would in all probability have telephoned to the right place. The policeman would find it difficult to explain mathematically why he was so sure that the dead man was Mr. John Spoopendyke. The mathematician could compute the chances against the dead man being some one else. To the average intelligent mind such computation is unnecessary. In common phrase, a man "puts two and two together" very rapidly.

Had there been no little man to suspect that the dead man was John Spoopendyke of Podunk, the policeman would have hunted up the home of the man whose name occurred on most of the letters in the dead man's pockets. He would have been wrong had he suspected that that was the name of the dead man.

It is the factor of *recurrence in corresponding places*, and also the factor of *pre-existing suspicion of identity*, which Mr. Pierce has omitted from his calculation. They are the crucial factors in the mathematical problem presented by the acrostics as they are shown in my book.

Mr. Pierce characterizes my volume as "ponderous," and I am sorry that he found it heavy. No man could handle so large a book without becoming conscious of its

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weight, and I am happy in having so good a reason for believing that a mere weariness of the flesh must have caused Mr. Pierce to overlook the two essential factors to which I have ventured to call his attention.

WILLIAM STONE BOOTH.

Cambridge, Mass., January 24.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Booth objects to my calculation, on the ground that I ignore a very important fact, *viz.*, that a large part of the acrostics which he found are on the first and last pages of the plays. I had not overlooked this fact, but refrained from discussing it before, purely for the sake of simplicity and brevity. I will take it up now.

It will be remembered that my calculation dealt only with spellings beginning with an F; and forms like BACON and BACONO are to be disposed of by a similar, but separate, process. How many F-acrostics should we expect on the first and last pages? A play in the First Folio contains, on an average, about twenty-five pages; consequently, all the first pages taken together would be about one-twenty-fifth of the whole book, and should contain about one-twenty-fifth of the total number of acrostics. One-twenty-fifth of 200-400 (my previous estimate for the whole Folio) would be between eight and sixteen. What are the facts? On the first pages of the plays there are fourteen F-acrostics. They are between eight and sixteen.

Now turn to the last pages, where we should also expect between eight and sixteen. At first it seems as if we had run into trouble here, for there are thirty. But a moment's observation shows us where the difficulty lies. At the bottom of each last page stands the word FINIS, and Mr. Booth uses the capital F of this repeatedly as a starting point. Since this word occurs on no other page, it obviously offers an unnatural stimulus to acrostics on the last page. It usually stands in the middle, where it can be taken with either column above it, and thus creates about seventy F-blocks in excess of the number which would have existed on a corresponding number of pages anywhere else. Nineteen of Mr. Booth's acrostics use the F of FINIS, and would not exist without it. Deducting these from the original thirty, we have (under the normal conditions existing on other pages) only eleven left. Again they are between eight and sixteen. In other words, on the first and last pages we find just what we should expect by the laws of chance.

As to the "preëxisting suspicion of identity," to which Mr. Booth calls attention, that means nothing here. The most ardent Baconian would not believe that Bacon, the omniscient, the life-long master of ciphers, used a form which could not be identified as intentional, even when discovered. The great philosopher would not have been so foolish.

I wish to say candidly that a skilful mathematician could find places in my previous paper where some deductions from my estimate would have to be made. But he would also find places where additions would have to be made; and the additions would offset the deductions. I am willing to discuss these points if the public wish it. But I doubt if this will be necessary. If Mr. Booth's acrostics are to mean anything, he must prove that they occur not only more frequently than we should naturally expect, but more frequently than they could *possibly* be supposed to occur by chance. To do this, he would have to prove, not that I have made an error of ten or fifteen per cent., but that I have made an error of several hundred per cent.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

Yale University, January 29.

A GEM MUTILATED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus"—and never more inopportunely than when, in the dryness of age, he "revises" what he struck out in the rich glow of youth!

I am of those who place Holmes's "The Last Leaf" among the most exquisite of English lyrics. I should hardly dispute one who claimed for it the first place there. I experienced, therefore, a genuine shock, recently, when, on opening a newly acquired copy of the doctor's poems, I found a thoroughly destructive change in one of its most expressive stanzas.

Of the almost perfect poem, the fourth stanza is most beautiful:

> The mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that he has prest
> In their bloom.
> And the names he loved to hear
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb.

And the third is almost equal to it, in all the qualities which make poetry precious:

> But now he walks the streets,
> And he looks at all he meets,
> So forlorn!
> And he shakes his feeble head,
> That it seems as if he said
> "They are gone."

It was wonderful art, or rather supreme genius, which could make the attributes of senility contribute to a picture so graphic, so pathetic, and so poetical.

And in the two words of the third line of this stanza the whole burden and suggestion of the poem are actually condensed. Its point and climax are there. Alas, *were* there. For I find, in this recent edition, that some malign influence, at a time I know not of, led the gifted author to replace them with three others, quite commonplace and hardly better than padding—"Sad and wan."

What was the doctor thinking of, when he thus mutilated his own wonderful creation? Surely, he had but partly awakened from his after-dinner nap! Or, perhaps, some youngster from college assured him that such a rhyme as "-orn" with "gone" was inadmissible, and with hasty geniality the veteran of letters yielded to the sophomore—yet, even so, saved little to the rules.

Really, in this unhappy change of two words in the fine product of a young man's muse, English literature suffers a distinct loss. I earnestly appeal to Dr. Holmes's literary executors to restore the original reading in all future editions.

J. M.

Philadelphia, February 2.

COLLEGE TEACHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is much in President Hyde's article in your last number that commands ready enough assent, the argument in favor of small classes and tutorial instruction being beyond discussion, as an average proposition. But the deductions of President Hyde will not hold as he presents them, because they are based on an assumption which, while it may possibly apply to a national system of schools, does not fit the case of the great universities.

He says, "all teaching that deals exclusively with men in large groups" is at best second rate. "If it is merely lectures, . . . with an occasional written examination, it is fourth rate." This is a beautiful example of methodology run to seed, and is so obviously untrue that were it not for the recent invasion of the intellectual field by highly organized and destructive hordes of standardizers, it would seem hardly worth dipping one's pen to reply.

The standardized teacher is one thing; the teacher that makes the greatness of a university is another; the argument that holds with the one does not hold with the other. And the system that deliberately turns its back on the first rate man is a faulty system. I have conversed with men who, nearly half a century after the event, were still under the influence of the almost legendary snap course of James Russell Lowell on Dante. Was this, then, a fourth-rate course according to the "new standards of college teaching"? Would it have been improved had Lowell been induced to eat into his time and mental energy by holding conferences with his men? The false assumption that lurks behind President Hyde's dicta is one that a commercial community has almost of necessity attached to its intellectual workers. The thing cuts very deep. Were certain tendencies unchecked, the intellect of our country would be standardized after the manner of our steel, beef, and oil enterprises, while our universities would be reduced to the exclusive functions of normal schools dedicated to the production of pedagogical Frankensteins.

Still, we must live in hope, while uttering an occasional word of protest. After all, from Abélard to Nathaniel Shaler, the exponents of the "fourth rate teaching" have won the verdict of humanity, and so perhaps we need not view too despondingly the Draconian edicts of the "New Standard of College Teaching."

R. M. JOHNSTON.

Cambridge, Mass., February 5.

FORESTS AND RAINFALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted to add a few lines to your recent editorial in regard to the effect of forests on rainfall, and, indirectly, on agriculture? Dr. Ellsworth Huntington, in his essay on "The Climate of the Historic Past," says:

It has often been asserted that the destruction of forests has been the cause of the diminution of rainfall. In the Lop basin the opposite appears to be the case; the supply of water has diminished and therefore the forests have died. Rainfall unquestionably controls forestation, but

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neither in the Lop basin nor in other parts of central and western Asia is there any good evidence that forests have an appreciable effect upon rainfall.

Personally, I was impressed, both in Colombia and in Peru by the fact that agriculture is in a less developed stage in the tropical forests on the eastern slope of the Andes than in the semi-arid region of the plateau where there are no forests and do not seem to have been any for centuries. It would undoubtedly be a benefit to the people of the plateau were their governments to promote forestry, for it would add greatly to the comforts of life. But it seems to be extremely doubtful whether the presence of such forests would add to the rainfall. HIRAM BINGHAM.

Yale University, February 4.

"CUSS" AND "KAUZ."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Raabe's "Zum wilden Mann" I have just come across Kristeller's words: "Mein damaliger Prinzipal war ein drolliger alter Kauz"—and something in the tone prompted at once the rendering, "a funny old cuss." I drew on a vocabulary once quite respectable in a rural community I used to know, where men spoke of a "wammus" without ever suspecting, I think, that there was a German word "Wamms." This suggests to me an origin for the term "cuss" which would seem much more in keeping with its lenient tone than the usual connection with "curse."

May not this latter association be responsible for driving out of decent speech a word originally quite innocent of blasphemy? E. V. M.

Chicago, February 3.

Literature.

THE ORIGINS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and the History of Christian Science. By Georgine Milmine. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2 net.

The Mask of Christian Science. By Francis Edward Marsten. New York: American Tract Society. $1.

Miss Milmine's study of the founder of Christian Science was first published in *McClure's Magazine*, about two years ago. It has since been brought up to date by the addition of a brief account of the controversy centring about Mrs. Augusta Stetson and the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in New York. The present volume recalls in more ways than one that other piece of historical writing from the hand of a woman which brought *McClure's* much profit and reputation about five years ago, namely, Miss Ida Tarbell's story of the rise of the Standard Oil Company. Since Miss Tarbell showed the way, the periodical press has been swamped with contemporary history and politics; but, in the entire clutter of denunciation, *exposé*, and "uplift," it is hard to find a trace of either the scientific spirit or the scientific method, which the historian of John D. Rockefeller brought to her work. The present volume is one of the rare exceptions. If scientific history presupposes the absence of a definite point of view on the part of the writer, the term will not apply here. Miss Milmine, like Miss Tarbell, is plainly not in sympathy with the persons or the movement she describes. But the indictment, if we choose to call it that, is framed dispassionately. The damaging evidence is elaborately built up and skilfully arranged, but the reader is left largely to form his own conclusions. The amount of original research involved in the writing of the book must have been very great. The result is an historical record of high value and of fascinating interest; the credit for the latter we may assign in great measure to the inherent possibilities of the subject in itself without denying the author a generous share.

We imagine that the great majority of Christian Scientists will not find Miss Milmine's book particularly agreeable reading. At the same time, there is no reason why the ardent Christian Scientist should read and lose his equanimity. If we were asked to state in a single phrase what effect the book produces on the disinterested reader, we should say that it demolishes Mrs. Eddy without necessarily demolishing Christian Science. The destructive force of the story does not consist in the fact that from her earliest childhood Mary Baker G. Eddy is shown to have been a creature of nerves and hysteria, with all the symptoms of what grosser minds might interpret as a devilish temper. Criticism in delving into the origins of religious movements is prepared to deal with the phenomena of neurosis. More important is the fact that, in spite of very striking aberrations of will and intellect, the founder of Christian Science does not succeed in rising above the commonplace. There is nothing of the dæmonic drive that makes great prophets, even when they are false prophets. Up to the age of forty-five her life is restless, cramped, uncertain, in part unfortunate, and on the whole futile. In 1866, with the death of the healer, Quimby, at whose feet in Portland, Maine, the future Mrs. Eddy had spent an ardent novitiate, she begins to find herself. She appropriates Quimby's manuscripts and definitely gives herself to the pursuit of metaphysical therapeutics, for which New England had long offered a promising field. The virtues she now begins to display are dogged resolution and a Napoleonic recklessness in utilizing other people's labor and happiness for her own purposes. It was not till 1875 that "Science and Health" was published. It was not till the early eighties that Christian Science began to move rapidly forward.

Mrs. Eddy was above sixty when she began building up a new faith, a new church, and a large personal fortune. To have accomplished all that, and to remain, even to the present day as our author asserts, the absolute mistress of her church and her fortune, would apparently argue an exceptionally gifted personality. Yet that is not the impression the record of her life produces. Mrs. Eddy had will, it is true; but in addition to that she had nearly all the faults upon which an infant cause will often make shipwreck. She was irritable, violent, and tactless; she exacted blind obedience from her followers, and would not brook the mere thought of a possible rival in the field. Her earliest converts one after the other fell away or were driven away. The air of commercialism always hangs heavy about her. In 1881 she is the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, and charges $300 for a course of twelve lessons in healing. In 1899 she calls upon all devout Christian Scientists to supply themselves with the "Mother Spoon," an ordinary silver spoon, sold at $5 apiece by the Christian Science Souvenir Company of Concord. Christian Science literature remains to the present day Mrs. Eddy's jealously guarded monopoly. But it is evident that a leader who works for her own pocket all the time is not in the tradition of successful leadership. If Mrs. Eddy succeeded it must have been largely in spite of herself.

Hence we are tempted to take issue with Miss Milmine when she declares, towards the end of the volume, that "what Mrs. Eddy has accomplished has been due solely to her own compelling personality." There is far more truth in the statement that "her genius has been of the eminently practical kind, which can meet and overcome unfavorable conditions by sheer force of energy, and in Mrs. Eddy's case this potency has been accompanied by a remarkable shrewdness which has had its part in determining her career." But, after all, practical genius, energy, and shrewdness are not uncommon qualities. When they are unaccompanied, as in Mrs. Eddy's case, by any deep spiritual impetus, we are in danger of being compelled to admit that the qualities which explain the upbuilding of a large dry goods business will explain the upbuilding of a new church. For our own part, we prefer not to look to Mrs. Eddy at all for an explanation of her success, but to call it predominantly the work of chance. Among a large number of practitioners in the allied fields of mental healing, spiritism, new thought, and other branches of "metaphysics," Mrs. Eddy happened to be the lucky person.

When, therefore, we say that the devout Christian Scientist can let Miss Milmine have her way with Mrs. Eddy without feeling his faith imperilled thereby, it is precisely because such a

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man can look upon his faith as a great truth upon which Mrs. Eddy has fortuitously stumbled. In so far as Mrs. Eddy's character and her career are in consonance with science, well and good; where her personality cannot escape rough handling, why, Mrs. Eddy is only a human being like the rest of us. The paradox is this: that Mrs. Eddy is and has been the head and front of the Christian Science Church, and that Mrs. Eddy is not an essential part of the theory of Christian Science. She is "Mother" and Pastor Emeritus, and the only Christian Science author, and she holds the appointment of the rulers of the church in her hands; but she is not necessary to salvation. Whoever has agreed to cast off error and buy a copy of "Science and Health" is hencetorth master of himself in Science. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Eddy's most devoted followers have more than once broken away from her, on the very ground that her practices antagonized the principles of her own faith. The fact that those who threw off the yoke of Mrs. Eddy's obedience have never succeeded in establishing a rival Christian Science organization would, at the first glance, tend to show that Christian Science and Eddyism must go together. But this is a conclusion that only the outsider can insist upon. The true believer cannot admit that after Mrs. Eddy's death his truth will become error. His copy of "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" retains its efficacy, whatever happens to Mrs. Eddy or her reputation.

Where Miss Milmine does knock a breach in the wall of Christian Science complacency, is first, by her analysis of the way Science has, in later days, been compromising with Error, and, secondly, in her summing up of the present strength of the Christian Science Church. Our writer shows that the general impression of the Christian Science membership as running into vague hundreds of thousands is quite erroneous. The number of Christian Scientists in the world is between 50,000 and 60,000. Their wealth, their rapid growth, and above all, the activities of their excellent press bureau, are given as reasons why their numbers are so generally overestimated. In their relations to the laws under which they live, the Christian Science healers are steadily growing more cautious. In the beginning, Mrs. Eddy's followers practised surgery and obstetrics as well as medicine proper. Surgery was given up many years ago. In 1901, Mrs. Eddy announced that Christian Scientists must submit to vaccination. In 1902, the teaching and practice of obstetrics were abandoned. In December of the same year Mrs. Eddy advised that Christian Scientists should decline to treat infectious or contagious diseases. This may be only bowing the head to Cæsar; but it is also a wise policy which tends to enhance the prestige of Christian Science by restricting the possible scope of Christian Science failure.

Mr. Marsten's book is sharply controversial. He assails in sledge-hammer fashion, where Miss Milmine gets her effects by simple narration. Such facts of Mrs. Eddy's life as Mr. Marsten employs are obviously drawn from Miss Milmine's biography.

CURRENT FICTION.

San Celestino. By John Ayscough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Many readers of the *Nation* will recall Mr. Ayscough's "Marotz," a modern story of convent life written from a point of view perfectly free from bigotry as well as devout and sympathetic. In "San Celestino" he has essayed a more difficult task—an almost impossible task, one might have said—with equal or greater success. The story of the ascetic and recluse who was made Pope against his will, and after a vain struggle summoned courage to abdicate, might naturally be made a subject of sermon or rhapsody. This book is, in a sense, a book of devotion, written, as the author says, with "reverent tenderness"; but it is utterly free from either preaching or hysteria. Mr. Ayscough's purpose has been "to conceive an image" of the hermit who founded the order of the Celestines, and to convey it. His wish to interpret the beauty of the life of contemplation does not merely find a convenient embodiment in the hermit Peter who was forced to become Pope. He has come to possess a vigorous impression of the man himself, and is extraordinarily successful in recording it.

The story could not develop more simply and naturally, from the moment when Pietro di Murrone, the poor noble's son, leaves his country home to study theology at Salerno, to his last hours with a single faithful brother of his order, in the virtual prison at Fumone. In a way, the whole interpretation is an apology for *il gran rifiuto.* "It has been Celestine's terrible misfortune," says his apologist specifically, in bringing his study to a close, "that the keynote of earthly judgment should have been struck by an unequalled genius who was incurably a politician: for Celestine knew nothing and cared nothing about politics. As a politician he was to Dante's eyes merely a failure, and Dante had no pity for failures." In Mr. Ayscough's eyes, on the other hand, a saint fulfils his being through virtue of his saintship: the great refusal of Celestine was a refusal to consent to the futility which had been thrust upon him. To shake off the empty title was against no law of the Church, and a mere obedience to the law of his own being. As the writer admits, this book is neither a history nor a novel. "It may be called," he adds doubtfully, "a work of the imagination." As such it is sure to be recognized by readers of whatever faith who hunger after sincerity in the fiction of the hour.

Warriors of Old Japan, and Other Stories. By Yei Theodora Ozaki. Illustrated by Shusui Okakura. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Here is a familiar but ever enthralling repertory: Tametono, the archer; Yorimasa, the knight; Yoshitune, the clan champion; Benkei, the flower of retainers—of these, we never hear enough. Raiko, the slayer of a goblin more hideous than Polyphemus; Sano, the poor Samurai, who to warm a supposedly obscure guest, broke up the last of his precious garden trees; Shiragiku, with her long-lost brother; that spiritual sister of Cinderella, the Princess with the Bowl; Lazy Taro, who made himself a poet and courtier before learning that he was a king's son—all these real and fabled personages have been made into English before. Yet Mrs. Ozaki's version, by reason of its earnest simplicity, the spirited pictures of Shusui Okakura, and other artists of archaizing character, and the general attractiveness of the typographical form, should more than hold its own. We may quote a passage which suggests how the notorious stoicism of the Japanese has been compatible with artistry:

> Now the Japanese have always considered it a virtue to repress their feelings. . . . No matter what happens, one must learn to present an impassive countenance to the world, whether the heart be bounding with joy or withering with pain. Instead of making a display of your emotion, control it, and compose a poem or a beautiful sentence.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, by way of introduction gives Mrs. Ozaki's story. Her training, like her parentage, was equally divided between England and Japan. By marrying the Mayor of Tokyo, she may be said to have chosen for Nippon, while remaining an ideal interpreter between the two nations.

The Nest of the Sparrowhawk. By the Baroness Orczy. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The beautiful young heiress and the wicked middle-aged guardian of this figment will have their haunting suggestion of previous acquaintance for all but the youngest readers. Conscious of this possibility, no doubt, the author has expended not a little ingenuity in contriving brand-new setting and incident. The guardian, Sir Marmaduke de Chavasse, has well-nigh unparalleled powers of chicanery, and his villany is not compromised by that fatal tincture of virtue which is threatening to give our romantic fiction some inconvenient resemblance to life. Let ill-enough alone:

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if black night be your subject, why use whitewash? The present business takes place during the Protectorate, and Sir Marmaduke is nominally a Roundhead of severe life. He is probable heir to an earldom, but meanwhile is in hard straits for money. Hence his designs against the heiress—which he prosecutes in a remarkable, not to say preposterous, manner. Fortunately, if not so remarkably, there is a modest and excellent young man who loves the heiress with a disinterested and despairing love, which is in due time rewarded (the villain having ceased to be), not only with the hand of the lady, but with a less predictable succession to the earldom in question. If, as we suspect, the sole excuse for this order of fiction is that it should be consummately well done, "The Nest of the Sparrowhawk" must fall. But we have a further suspicion that the hand of commerce may be trusted to catch it, and to turn it to good account, from the author's point of view.

Marie of Arcady. By F. Hewes Lancaster. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A story of Bayou Bienvenu, "a land of small farms and large loves, and of loyalty to love," where live the descendants of French exiles from "Arcadia," presumably Acadia. Hither flies in later days another refugee, little Marie—on her mind a secret which is not disclosed till the end of the book, but hangs like a veil over the course of a pretty little story and lends it depth and texture. The main charm of the tale, however, is not the secret, but the Bayou life, with its naïve customs and neighborly community of interests. Children at school, boys and girls courting, elders working, bargaining, or dispensing kindly wisdom from their doorways, make a gentle and contented world, where the few shadows only emphasize the sunshine. The dialect, which most of us must take on faith, is at least an interesting and important feature in the story.

The Concentrations of Bee. By Lilian Bell. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Those who already know "The Jimmies," "The Jardines," and their friends will be prepared for the atmosphere of Mrs. Jardine's latest chronicle. "We are easy-going folk, and will not strive long to be good in any direction," she declares. So that fair warning is given of the tricks and plots that offset the Bohemian good-will and good-nature of this fantastic circle. They plan happy marriages for their favorites and unhappy ones for the punishing of their antipathies. They say and do some amusing things; they do and say many flat ones and many flamboyant ones. Extravaganza's nature is to be unreasonable, but not necessarily cheap. The reader is rather in the attitude of visiting in a family whose jokes are exclusively mutual; side-splitting to the inner coterie, but to the non-elect just a bit dry and tasteless.

ROMANTIC PHILOSOPHY.

The Eternal Values. By Hugo Münsterberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

Never, perhaps, in the history of universities have there issued from a single institution of learning at any one time so many radically dissimilar versions of the universe as have come from the Harvard faculty of philosophy during the past decade. It would be too much to say that Harvard has a complete set of current philosophical tendencies; it has, however, not only a uniquely diversified set, but also one in which each example is an important, a strikingly executed, and an uncommonly well defined specimen of its type. He would be an exigent philosopher, indeed, who could find nothing to please him either in the pragmatism of Professor James, with its numerous subsidiary implications; or in the mechanistic naturalism, curiously combined with a sort of æsthetic and ethical humanism, of Professor Santayana; or in the aggressive metaphysical realism, united with a distinctive form of moral and religious idealism, of Professor Perry; or in one or the other of the two kindred, yet significantly different, idealistic systems of Professor Royce and Professor Münsterberg. That would, on the other hand, be a prodigy of higher synthesis which should reconcile all of these; for there is scarcely one important doctrine of any of these writers which is not rejected with emphasis by at least one of the others. The fact that five metaphysicians living in one community are so little able to agree upon a common platform may be regarded as circumstantial evidence favorable to the opinion that philosophy is not yet an exact science. But so long as it is not one—and yet remains an indomitable hope of human reason—that university is fortunate which brings together in one faculty such eminent and typical representatives of so many of the varieties of reflective reaction upon the universe.

Yet—one wonders whether quite so much divergence is inevitable. Its occurrence amid conditions so favorable to real "dialectic"—to that social process of coöperative thinking and reciprocal criticism, in which true philosophizing chiefly consists—is, after all, something of a scandal. One possible cause of some part of this effect defective is made apparent in the present book. Professor Münsterberg has a philosophy—an interesting, impressive, and highly edifying philosophy—and he must, therefore, be supposed at some time to have philosophized; though the marks of those ancient fires are not conspicuous in the smooth and highly finished product which the book puts before us—a body of doctrine in which there are no hesitancies, no doubts, no hint of any feeling for the reasons why anybody should ever have disagreed, no suggestion of problems awaiting solution. But Professor Münsterberg, at all events, has not philosophized with the philosophizing of his time; nor does his book make a very serviceable contribution to that coöperative enterprise. It attempts, indeed, to recall contemporary German and American philosophy to what the author believes to be unduly neglected verities in the thought of Kant and Fichte and Hegel. There may be real utility in such a call; but it is likely to be effective only if made by one who shows a genuine sensitiveness, if not necessarily to the doctrines, at least to the problems, the issues, the difficulties, and the directions of outreach, of the characteristic reflection of the present time. But Professor Münsterberg, though, doubtless, the most *actuel* of psychologists, seems to have been little touched by any philosophical problems or impulsions arising since 1831. Because of this, his book is likely to be estimated very differently by philosophical inquirers, and by that considerable public which reads philosophy as it reads a poem or hears a symphony, for the sake of the moods—pleasant or exciting or morally invigorating—which the performance awakens.

To the latter public, indeed—a public which has its rights—"The Eternal Values" will appeal forcibly, except for the fact that the English version is by no means invariably expressed in English idiom. Some rather German qualities of the mental idiom—its unction and fervor, and the author's disposition to pause somewhat frequently, in order to pat his doctrine upon the back and congratulate it on its high moral tone—will not be unfavorable to the book's vogue. The system of ideas set forth has an admirable clearness, and a certain impressive massiveness, of general outline; and the confidence and directness of the author's constructive methods are elements of literary effectiveness. Above all, Professor Münsterberg has apparently strongly felt, and he has rather tellingly conveyed, the appeal, to certain normal chords in human nature, of two or three broad and somewhat vague metaphysical concepts. He plays chiefly upon three elements of what may be called philosophic pathos. There is, first, the Platonistic pathos: the effect upon the mind of the idea of the eternity, impersonality, transcendency of "truth as such." It is the pathos of Clough's lines:

> It fortifies my soul to know
> That though I perish, Truth is so.

Professor Münsterberg also is very sure both that truth is "so," and that it makes no great difference how many mere "masses of psychological content" perish. While he does not make clear to

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us what truth is like, when it is "so," or why its being "so" is worth while, the emotional effect of emphasis upon it is undoubtedly fortifying to the soul. Again, there is the voluntaristic pathos, appearing here in a Fichtean form: we make the universe real by freely and resolutely willing it, "the world is a deed," not a mere given object; the object exists only that the will may exercise itself upon it. Finally, there is the mystical pathos, the ecstatic effect of the notion of the ultimate deliquescence of all separateness and multiplicity. Professor Münsterberg's doctrine, at the end, turns out to be a sort of *Identitäts-system:* "the I, the fellow-I, and the not-I, are in the over-I one and the same"; "in the deed, past and future are one," etc.

With these three kinds of pathos united in one philosophy, liberal provision is assuredly made for the satisfaction of certain cravings of the imagination and the emotions. But how the reason fares in the compounding is not so clear. For over three-quarters of a century philosophical criticism has been asking some searching questions and developing some drastic doubts about the sort of philosophy that Professor Münsterberg has now restored from Fichtean and Hegelian sources. Can all three of those doctrinal motives be, without contradiction, harmonized in a single system? Can the notion of a timeless being, embracing temporal experience as its content, be really conceived? Can we regard as anything more than a myth that game of ontological hide-and-seek in which the "over-self," while eternally remaining "unbroken," yet, "as an I detaches itself from the whole and thus creates the numberless selves and the space-time world," which must then be painfully annulled again and merged into the unity from which they were never truly separated? How, if all is one in "the over-self," can human personalities have significance or value or even genuine "reality"? Does not the concept of "truth" require a good deal of explication, especially in the light of an analysis of the human and temporal situations in which the quest for truth arises? To these and many other such questions, Professor Münsterberg gives small consideration, and no serious answers. It is for that reason that his book, though an interesting piece of contemporary philosophy, is without relevancy to contemporary philosophizing.

The Life of Major-General Sir Charles William Wilson, Royal Engineers, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., M.E. By Col. Sir Charles M. Watson, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.A., Late Royal Engineers. With portrait, maps, and illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

This officer was essentially a topographer and as such conducted extensive and illuminating explorations and surveys of Palestine and Sinai, besides being engaged in, and finally becoming the head of, the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain. Under the curious exchange of duties which the British military establishment permits, he was the Consul-General of Anatolia, 1879-82, with a group of military vice-consuls, one of whom was the subsequently greatly-distinguished Viscount Kitchener of Khartum. The great survey of Palestine had been completed in 1878 under Lieut. Kitchener, R.E., whose experience is another illustration that successful generals have frequently, not invariably, received a fundamental education in practical field work of that sort. A great general must visualize the *terrain* which he has not yet seen, and wide topographical service admirably develops such power. These consuls had no executive authority, but were confidential intelligence officers for the British Ambassador to the Sublime Porte and advisers whose admonitions might not be safely disregarded by the Turkish officials on the spot. Their essential duty was to observe how the reforms promised by the Treaty of Berlin were really carried out. The autumn of 1878 Wilson had spent in the delimitation of the new Servian-Turkish boundary, and during his service in Asia Minor he was detached upon a special investigation in Eastern Rumelia, while in his own territory he also made extensive tours of observation. It is not astonishing, therefore, that, when the Egyptian troubles due to the politico-military operations of Arabi began, his peculiar qualifications led to his detail as British Commissioner with the Ottoman contingent that was expected to go to Egypt, and that, when it was not sent, he was charged with a special mission concerning the trial of Arabi and the pacification of the country.

In April, 1883, Wilson resumed duty as the head of the Irish Ordnance Survey, but in September, 1884, on account of his familiarity with Eastern life and thought, he was made Chief of the Intelligence Department of Lord Wolseley's Nile expedition for the relief of Gordon. The singular course of the British Ministry of the day, marked by misapprehension and marred by indecision, may not be rehearsed here. The final embarrassment was deficient transportation on both desert and river, and when at last a column, imperfectly supplied, started, Wilson was sent with it as an Intelligence Officer, under orders to cut loose at Metammeh and notify Gordon, four days distant by water, that troops would reinforce him six weeks later! But with the commanding officer (Stewart) mortally wounded, and Burnaby, designated for command at Metammeh, killed in the combats about Abu Klea, Wilson was transformed from a staff officer into one with command, and as such was obliged to open the remaining way to the Nile and to establish the troops at Gubat. He then forced his personal way up the river with two rickety boats and Sudanese crews, running dangerous batteries at Halfiyeh and Omdurman, and reached Khartum January 28, only to find it fallen and Gordon killed on the 26th. Naturally, there was earnest inquiry in England whether the loss of those two days had been necessary. Yet even if he had arrived earlier, this officer could not, single-handed, have raised the siege, nor, with means of escape present, would Gordon have deserted his command. Wilson rejoined Wolseley at Korti and reported in detail February 9; but on March 23 that general called for and received an additional report as to Wilson's reasons for not going up the river sooner. This Lord Wolseley forwarded three weeks later with a disingenuous letter of transmittal, declining to add remarks of his own, and saying that "the reasons given by Sir Charles Wilson must speak for themselves." He must have recognized that what delay there had been was not procrastination, and that in the end it did not affect the issue; and, as the commanding general, he should have taken on his own shoulders his subordinate's reputation, or, believing him derelict, should have frankly said to. As it was, however, Wilson reverted to his topographical duties and became in succession director-general of the Ordnance Survey, a major-general in the army, and the director-general of military education. The deserving recipient of many scientific honors, including a Fellow's seat in the Royal Society and the D.C.L. of Oxford, in 1894 he was retired from active service.

This memoir has a special concern for American readers. Wilson himself escaped being an American only through his grandfather's return to England from this country, after marrying here. Wilson's uncle, Thomas, who died in Philadelphia in 1865, was a lifelong resident of that place, a liberal supporter of its Academy of Natural Sciences, and the founder of its Entomological Society. The father of Sir Charles, although resident in England, made many contributions to the scientific work of his American brother, whose tastes he shared. And, quite apart from the detailed story of the Gordon relief expedition which did not relieve, one finds here a clear account of the conditions in Asia Minor in 1879-81, which, nearly thirty years later, culminated in the massacres about Adana, where missionaries from the United States lost their lives. The crop then under cultivation bore that fruit.

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Slavische Volkforschungen: Abhandlungen über Glauben, Gewohnheitsrechte, Sitten, Bräuche, und die Guslarenlieder der Südslaven, vorwiegend auf Grund eigener Erhebungen. Von Dr. Friedrich S. Krauss. Leipzig: Wilhelm Heims.

The latest work of Dr. Krauss in the field of Slavic research deals with the beliefs, myths, customs, and ceremonials, and the peculiar guslar songs, of Servia, Bosnia, and the adjacent regions upon which we depend for our Balkan question. Our author frankly states that very little of this folklore material is representative of the genuine ancient Slavic cult, most of it being the result of Byzantine acculturation, through the Greek church influence, modified and enlarged by Arabic and Turkish additions since the fall of Constantinople. The loosely organized and illiterate Balkan tribes were as little able to resist intellectual as military conquest. The product is a mass of folk belief and custom essentially Oriental and Asiatic, with here and there outcroppings of the rude primitive Slavic cult. The heroic period of Slav tradition and guslar song dates from the wars of the Turkish invasion, in which the mountain tribes upheld the throne of the emperor.

The first part of the work deals with witches, vilas, pest spirits, returned souls, the vampire, the werewolf, the nightmare spirit, cannibalistic practices and love charms, each section, with ample illustration of proverb and folk tale. The second part treats of the characteristic guslar songs, with which the author has already made us familiar, chanted to the accompaniment of the *gusla*, a sort of primitive violin. These songs are in great vogue among the people, and, in the opinion of the author, as of other investigators, constitute the real treasury of Balkan tradition. Sixteen specimens are given at length in both languages, with historical introduction and explanatory notes. Twenty-five pages of index make every reference readily available.

Many of the folklore beliefs and customs are more or less general throughout Europe, while others seem to be peculiar to the region and are built up with an elaboration of detail not often found elsewhere. Special witch nights are those dedicated to St. John and St. George, when wreaths are hung upon the horns of the cattle to make them secure from evil charms—flowers and branches being the homes of kindly plant spirits. A curious belief exists as to the danger that threatens the twelfth son of a family on St. John's night from the attacks of evil spirits armed with snags and stumps from the fields. To guard against this the peasants go over the fields in the autumn and remove every stump or half-rotted post. When the wind blows strong, the *vilas* (fairies or forest sprites) love to dance in those places where travellers halt for rest; but whoso rests where their sweat has fallen will lose speech or power of motion or be stricken by consumption. It is easy to know such places, however, by the tracks of the dancers in the dust, for they have only four toes on a foot. Then there are child-eating witches that devour their own children, and heart-eating witches that fasten upon a man while he sleeps, so that he afterwards withers and dies. The great amulet against witchcraft is a clove of garlic from seed planted and grown in the severed head of the first snake seen in the spring, the head, with the seed in it, having been buried in the garden.

Pestilence is the work of a horrible female spirit, with veiled face and hoofed feet. She has no power for evil until in her wanderings she meets a sinner who for twenty years has concealed a mortal sin. Him she attacks, and, tearing out his heart and changing it to dust, she scatters this to the four winds. He who inhales this dust dies in agony. Such is the germ theory in primitive Servia. The plague spirit was once barred from entering a village by a brother and sister, who went out naked upon a pitch-dark night and plowed a furrow around the village with a plow drawn by two black oxen from the same cow. The folklorist will readily recognize the elements of the formula.

The vampire belief seems to have reached its highest development among the Slavic nations. A Servian precaution to prevent the return of a ghost as a vampire deserves notice for its suggestion of primitive paganism. On the eve of the funeral the old women go to the grave and build around it a circle of tow, to which they set fire. When the fire has burned down, a knife is driven into the earth above the breast of the corpse, and a hawthorn thorn above the place of each hand and foot, in order to pin down the ghost should it try to escape from the grave as a vampire. It should be noted that this is done only when the deceased was under suspicion in life. Those who die in youth or in grace do not become vampires. Among the Moslems the fire is sometimes actually built in the grave of the suspected one, and a hawthorn stake, burned to a sharp point, driven through the body.

In Three Legations. By Madame Charles de Bunsen. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

These memoirs contain the contemporary impressions of the wife of a Prussian diplomat at Turin, Florence, and The Hague a generation ago. Madame de Bunsen was the sister of W. H. Waddington, afterwards French Prime Minister, and French Ambassador in London. English by stock, French by bringing up, and Prussian by marriage, she had the cosmopolitan point of view and contacts which well fitted her to be a diplomat's wife. Add to those charms a quick and receptive intellect, and simplicity of character proof against the artificiality of courts and social conventions, and you have an unusual personality. Madame de Bunsen was at Turin from 1858 to 1862, during the years when the Piedmontese capital became the storm-centre of Europe. Her impressions of men and events are vivid—nothing so good has been published since Marchioness d'Azeglio's letters. The historian will be repaid by dipping into them, for they give day-by-day notes of the war of 1859. Her description of the scene between Garibaldi and Cavour in the Chamber of Deputies is the most vivid that any foreign eye-witness has written.

When the seat of the new kingdom of Italy was removed to Florence, the Bunsens moved with it. Madame de Bunsen's letters still abound in political memoranda, but social and official news predominates. We have many charming glimpses of Princess Margherita of Savoy, of Crown Prince Frederick, who came down after Sadowa and was lionized, and of celebrities whose fame was more local. In 1868, M. de Bunsen was transferred to The Hague; but on the way thither he spent some time in Berlin, and his wife "snaps" for us life at the Prussian capital on the eve of the war with France. The almost incredible stiffness and punctilio at court remind one of Spain in the seventeenth century. "If any one wishes to know their exact social value," she says, "I advise them to come to Berlin. After being waved on by Kammerherren to the particular room where you belong, and the particular table where you can have your supper, there being other rooms and other tables to which you must by no means go, and, after having to get out of the way of 'Excellenzen' and your 'Vorgesetzten' [superiors] generally, not to speak of the 'Hohe Herrschaften,' at the end of the season you are not likely to retain many illusions respecting yourself, whatever you may have indulged in before" (p. 297). Still, Madame de Bunsen's sense of humor and her cheerful temper served her not less in Berlin than elsewhere, and she never grumbles. She shows us the present Kaiser as "such a little duck" of ten; Virchow, who at an afternoon reception offered to give her a history of herring fishery since the twelfth century; Bismarck, Keudell, Mommsen, Benedetti, and many more who made history in those years. Not least interesting is her account of life in Holland; and when she comes to the year 1870 she sheds sidelights on the war. A large number of half-tones from contempo-

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rary photographs add to the value of this pithy volume. Unfortunately, the proofreader has passed by many blunders in the foreign phrases.

Notes.

William Vaughn Moody's remarkable play, "The Faith Healer," is to be issued in book form by the Macmillans.

Mary Hallock Foote's novel, "The Royal Americans," a story of Revolutionary times, in which Ethan Allen and the Schuyler family appear as characters, is promised for March by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Books on religious subjects about to be published by the Macmillans include "Studies in Religion and Theology," by Dr. Andrew M. Fairbairn; the "Ethics of Jesus," by Henry C. King, president of Oberlin College; and "The Gospel and the Modern Man," by Dr. Shailer Mathews.

The attraction of "Th Poems of Matthew Arnold," issued by Henry Frowde in the Oxford Edition, lies in the brief but happily turned introduction contributed to the volume by A. T. Quiller-Couch. He takes his text from Arnold's own words on Joubert and from Arnold's distinction between the Homers, Dantes, Shakespeares, who are "the great abiding fountains of truth," and the lesser spirits whose strength is in their fineness and reflection. Mr. Quiller-Couch's development of that text will make pleasant reading for those who have been, or still are, devoted Arnoldians. One point we question. Like so many other critics he speaks of Arnold as a poet who never has been and never can be popular. In one sense, if we compare Arnold with Tennyson or Longfellow, that is no doubt true; Arnold's readers have been chiefly in academic circles and among the thoughtful, but, after all, barring temporary fads, that is equally true of most other poets, and we suspect that the actual reading of Arnold will stand high in any quantitative test.

Henry Frowde had already brought out, in the Oxford Library of Prose and Verse, an exact reprint of Keats's "Poems Published in 1820"; he now issues another such reprint, furnished in the present case with an introduction and notes by M. Robertson. The body of the text contains the "Lamia," "Isabella," "Eve of St. Agnes," "Hyperion," and the great Odes, reproduced line for line as they appeared in the publication of 1820, without change except that for convenience of reference line-numbers have been added. As the two great sonnets, "Chapman's Homer" and "Bright Star," are given in the introduction and the ballad of "La Belle Dame" in the notes, we have here virtually all the work on which Keats's immortality depends; the miracle of its beauty and the reader's pleasure are enhanced, we think, by this separation from the earlier and later work which are marred respectively by unripeness and—alas, that it must be said!—overripeness. Mr. Robertson's notes are partly helpful but in much larger part useless or worse. Keats wrote in "The Eve of St. Agnes": "At length burst in the argent revelry"; Mr. Robertson comments: "*Argent*, silver. They were all glittering with rich robes and arms." He tells us that "shrive" means "confess," that Boccaccio was "an Italian writer of the fourteenth century," etc. Such notes are an impertinence; readers who need that kind of information had better be directed to Mother Goose than to Keats. Fortunately, the notes are placed at the end of the book, where they do not obtrude on the sight.

Bulletin No. 1 of the Keats-Shelley Memorial, Rome (Macmillan), is a handsome quarto of nearly 200 pages. It is edited by Sir Rennell Rodd, the British ambassador at Rome, and by H. Nelson Gay, the American historian, who, as a resident of Rome, was chiefly instrumental in negotiating for the purchase of the building and in fitting up Keats's apartment. R. U. Johnson, of the *Century Magazine*, first suggested the memorial and had charge of raising the American fund. The *Bulletin* contains a history of the enterprise, a report of the opening ceremonies at which the King was present, a list of documents and souvenirs, and a catalogue of the first thousand books installed in the library. There are several views and facsimiles. The volume will be prized by all collectors of Keats and Shelley material. The purchase of the house by the joint contributions of Americans and English, with the good will of the Romans, is an international event of unalloyed satisfaction.

Seven years after the appearance of the first volume, we receive the twentieth and last volume of the sixth edition of "Meyers Grosses Konversations-Lexikon." There is to be a supplementary volume, taking account of the changes in the main work necessitated by the lapse of almost a decade. By the time the supplementary volume is off the press, the publishers will undoubtedly be at work on the preliminaries of the seventh edition. It is this systematic and continuous process of revision that gives the standard German cyclopædias their high reputation for reliability, conciseness, scope, and proportion. It is a standard which we are measurably approaching in this country. The leading article in the present volume, to our own patriotic view, is the one on the United States (*Vereinigte Staaten*). The text is closely condensed, but comprehensive. The maps are plentiful. On the much vexed question of the strength of the German element in the United States, the estimate here runs to eleven million souls. Meyers is distinguished from its great rival, Brockhaus, by a stronger predilection for what newspapers call the human interest side. Of the typical American we learn that his mind, "ceaselessly bent upon the acquisition of property," is practical, penetrating, and untiring. He is tall, slim, and with strongly marked features. He develops early both in mind and body, but shows little inclination for the arts or poetry. "The women possess exceptional charm and grace, and a freedom of bearing that is both well-mannered and attractive." (Imported by Lemcke & Buechner.)

It is not strange that Dr. George A. Gordon's "Religion and Miracle" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) has assembled a swarm of protestants about him, and made him feel the *rabies theologorum*, which Melancthon said it would be one of the delights of heaven to escape. It is not so much that Dr. Gordon denies any particular miracle, or that he declares supernatural occurrences to be impossible. On the contrary he maintains that miracles are logically possible, and says that he has no interest in the destruction of the belief in miracle. It is just that lack of interest in the subject of the miraculous that makes Dr. Gordon's attitude so tantalizing to the orthodox. If he had declared that a large number of the Biblical miracles had come to be incredible to him, and had set forth with reverence and regret the reasons why he could no longer hold them, he would have found objectors, but he would have stirred less feeling. Instead of stating what miracles he does not believe, and his reasons therefor, he expresses surprise that thinking people should still be troubled about the supernatural, confesses that the subject of miracle has hardly entered his mind for many years, and proceeds to exhibit how well Christian piety, including belief in God and discipleship of Christ, can thrive without any article respecting miracle in its creed. It is this indifference and suggestion of superiority which occasion anger at his position. It may be suggested that the defenders of the orthodox view have really the deeper insight. The concept of miracle is a very old one, and has played an important part in the life of all men of religious genius. The doctrine may need restatement, and it might have been better for Dr. Gordon to attempt its reconstruction than to set it aside as so easily negligible.

The "Historical Guide to the City of New York" (Frederick A. Stokes Company), compiled by Frank Bergen Kelley, with the cooperation of the City History Club of New York, is a handsome guide-book of above 400 pages, literally crammed with instruction, interest, and amusement of an exceptional kind. It will please the antiquarian by its minuteness and authority, and the ordinary citizen by the aspect of age and tone it lends to the drab and raucous city he lives in. For instance, there is seemingly no romance connected with living on One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Street, east of Third Avenue, in the Bronx. Yet, just south of One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Street was once "Pudding Rock," a gigantic, "glacial boulder," where the Indians held their corn feasts, unmindful of subway schedules and office-hours. The entire territory of the greater city is examined for every historic spot, every old building, every tablet, and every milestone the ground can be made to yield. The material is presented in the form of sixty pilgrimages, illustrated with more than that number of maps. A delightful volume to muse over.

The peculiar merits of "The Minnesinger, Vol. I, Translations" (Longmans, Green & Co.), by Jethro Bithell, lecturer in German at the University of Manchester, are strength and originality, rather than smoothness and melody. Indeed, there is hardly a piece in the volume that does not suffer from a deficiency of these latter qualities. Nevertheless, the translator has genuine lyrical feeling and his command of language shows such a wide range, such vigor and raciness, that his renderings stand quite above the level of the uninspired and perfunctory work which we usu-

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ally associate with the idea of translation. Apart from folk songs, we have here selections from sixty-nine Minnesinger. Moreover, nearly all are represented by several pieces, so that the book reflects quite fairly the variety of their production, from the lovely dawn-songs (compare especially the one by Sir Dietmar von Aist, the translation of which, however, is unfortunately marred by bad punctuation) to humorous poems like that which describes the reception given an impudent would-be lover by the girl who is threshing flax. Happily chosen mottoes, from classical and other sources, enhance the interest of the pieces; and the same may be said of the notes, which evince a remarkable familiarity with the lyrical literature of different ages and countries. Altogether, we hope that the production of this very charming volume will not have the disastrous consequences for the author's professional career with regard to which he expresses a humorous fear in his preface. The philologists are really not so bad as they are painted. The second volume, which is still to appear, will consist of a commentary on the whole body of the Minnesinger poetry.

The efforts of the French to develop the resources and industries of that part of their western African possessions known as the Middle Niger are described in the *Annales de Géographie* for January. The river is now connected by a railway, 344 miles long, with the head of navigation on the Senegal; and representatives of many French business houses are scattered throughout the region. The imports are chiefly cotton and sugar; the exports are wool, skins, rice, and a few years ago large quantities of egret feathers. The slaughter of these birds was so great as to threaten their extinction, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the colony in August, 1907, prohibited the killing of them for two years. At the end of the close period, however, the birds had not reappeared. With this number comes the eighteenth annual bibliography of the geographical literature of 1908, consisting of 336 pages and 1,105 entries. It is a most valuable list of the principal works in various languages, as well as the publications of the scientific societies and the government departments, with explanatory notes by experts. In this as in previous years the public documents of this country have received the most attention.

The January number of the *American Journal of International Law* opens with an elaborate comparative study, by Lester H. Woolsey, of the South African Constitution; the international significance of which lies in the fact that Great Britain, in a recent treaty of general arbitration, has reserved the right, before concluding a special agreement in any matter affecting the interest of a self-governing dominion of the empire, to obtain consent of the government of that dominion. The author also presents a study of new governmental conditions in South Africa, whose system of jurisprudence, for example, he finds to be national in character, rather than provincial as are the systems of Australia and Canada. This may profitably be compared with an earlier discussion by Mr. Bryce of the constitutions of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. The second article, "Compulsory Arbitration at the Second Hague Conference," is by Dr. Heinrich Lammasch of Vienna, who is umpire in the arbitration, by the United States and Great Britain, of the Atlantic Coast fisheries question. He describes the reception given at the Hague Conference (1907) to the proposal of the United States that all the Powers represented should pledge themselves to refer to the so-called Permanent Court of Arbitration all differences of a legal nature or such as relate to the interpretation of international treaties, provided those differences cannot be settled diplomatically, or do not affect the vital interests, the independence or the honor of the parties, or the interests of third nations. He also discusses the opposition to this principle by the German delegates, Baron von Marschall and Dr. Kriege, on the ground that it amounted to a sham because of its broad exceptions. To this Dr. Lammasch replies that the principle has not only moral significance, but, as pointed out by Von Mery, Austro-Hungarian delegate, an extensive legal bearing. A compromise resolution, chiefly drafted by Tornielli, was passed, which recognizes the principle of compulsory arbitration, and declares that certain differences, especially those relating to the interpretation and application of international treaty stipulations, may suitably be made subject to compulsory arbitration without any restriction.

There are two carefully considered papers on the law of the airship, or aerial law; one by Arthur H. Kuhn, the other by Simeon E. Baldwin, chief justice of the Connecticut Supreme Court. As Justice Baldwin says, "to harmonize the aeronaut's rights with those of other men of foreign lands over which he may take his course, demands not only adequate local legislation, but adequate international agreements." A French publicist, Paul Faucille, receives credit for having introduced this subject in 1900, at an annual conference of the Institute of International Law; Justice Baldwin quotes a quaint suggestion by one authority, that the air be considered as divided into a lower zone, in which there are rights of property, and an upper one, in which there are only spheres of influence! He thought that at any rate the ancient legal aphorism, *cujus est solum ejus est usque ad cœlum*, as old as Coke on Littleton, would have to be much modified; that no land proprietor could be heard to complain of any use of the air above his land by which no injury could result. But equally clearly, damage might be done him by an aerial navigator, and the difficult problem would be to define the remedy and secure its application.

We wonder whether the time will ever come when librarians will tell us why they reject certain books. It is our belief—in the present state of library affairs, with a plethora of select reading lists—that this would be a most beneficial method; for with the continual publication of positive recommendations, the librarians are deluding the public into the belief that there are no negative books. "A Children's Catalog," based on twenty-four special library lists, has just been issued by the H. W. Wilson Company. Part one contains 3,000 books indexed under author, title, and subject. Such a digest, based on authorities and with selected annotations, should supplant the majority of library bulletins and bibliographies dealing with children's reading; the one technical omission is the name of the publisher under each title, together with some indication of the best edition. In this respect, the "Catalogue of Books in the Children's Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh" is more serviceable. Part two consists of an index to *St. Nicholas*, volumes twenty-eight to thirty-six, the titles entered under author and subject, together with an analytical subject reference to about five hundred books catalogued in part one. Such is the scope of this very extensive compilation, prepared under the guidance of Marion E. Potter.

The catalogue stands fairly well the test of catholicity, popularity, and democratic averages of taste. But it is not over-solicitous about the care of older readers who are on the borderland between the children's room and the adult department of the library. In proving this fact, we have noted some curious omissions. If Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," and Fouqué's "Undine," why not Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw" and Howell's "Lady of the Aroostook?" Is this a case of oversight or of doctors disagreeing? In later editions it might be wise to give consideration to this point, as well as to drop much matter of a supplementary school character. The subject index suggests a moral. Under biography it is weak, under poetry strong; under Shakespeare, the plays are recommended in retold form, save where the school requirements intervene, while Scott is curiously graded; under songs, the music is sparse, and under plays, there is the same paucity. We should like to see a full cross reference under fiction and under biography.

The total number of scholars in residence at Oxford under the Rhodes Bequest during the academic year of 1908-9 was 179. Of these, 78 were from the colonies of Great Britain, 90 were from the United States, and 11 were from Germany. The total number of scholars and ex-scholars at the beginning of the academic year of 1909-10 was 178. The wide range of study pursued by the scholars is shown by the following classification: Honor schools for the B.A. degree: Jurisprudence, 39; history, 23; natural science, 20; literæ humaniores, 16; theology and English literature, 10 each; mathematics, modern languages, and engineering, 3 each; honor moderations, classical and mathematical, 1 each. Of fifteen appointments during the year, eight were obtained by Americans, as follows: C. F. T. Brooke of West Virginia, instructor in the department of English at Yale; P. Nixon of Connecticut, assistant professor at Bowdoin; J. J. Tigert of Tennessee, president of Kentucky Wesleyan College, Winchester, Ky.; J. A. Brown of New Hampshire, professor at the Syrian Protestant College at Beirût; S. K. Hornbeck of Colorado, instructor at Che-Kiang Provincial College, Hangchow, Che-Kiang, China; B. E. Schmitt of Tennessee, assistant professor at the University of Wisconsin; J. N. Schaeffer of Pennsylvania, preceptor at Princeton, and C. H. Foster of Idaho, instructor at the United States Naval Academy. The following hold fellowships in the United States: B. B. Wallace of Minnesota, at the University of Wisconsin, and E. R. Lloyd of West Virginia, at the University of Chicago. Of 85 scholars from the United States who have

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completed their course at Oxford, 82 have returned to their own country and one has taken up work in England. The qualifying examinations for candidates for the scholarships of 1910 were held in October, 1909. Of the 196 candidates who presented themselves, 67 passed in all subjects, 34 passed in all subjects except Greek, and 95 failed. No candidates presented themselves from four of the United States, and from seven States no candidates passed; but from many of these States there are eligible candidates from past years. The next qualifying examination for the scholarships of 1911 will be held about the middle of October, 1910. Circulars giving detailed information in reference to the award of scholarships may be obtained on application to The Rhodes Trust, Seymour House, Waterloo Place, London, S. W.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Lord Clark died in Boston on Saturday, at the age of seventy-two years. He was born at Nashua, N. H., and graduated at Brown in 1858, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1863. Ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1861, he was pastor of churches in North Bridgewater, Mass., New Haven, New York, and Boston between 1863 and 1902. He had published "Daleth-Egypt Illustrated" and "Israel in Egypt."

Mrs. Jessie Van Zile Belden died in New York on February 2, aged fifty-three years. She was born in Troy, N. Y., was educated at Troy Female Seminary, and at St. Agnes's School, Albany, and had served as New York State regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution (1898-99). She had published several works of fiction, including "Fate at the Door," "The King's Ward," and "Antonia."

Science.

The Relation of Medicine to Philosophy. By R. O. Moon, M.A., M.D. (Oxon), F.R.C.P. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

In his preface the author of this work states that he wishes to show, in considering various important epochs in history, how closely medicine is bound up with current thought. Speaking generally, he says medicine has advanced during the period of great intellectual activity and has stood still in times of intellectual torpor. This fact seems quite patent, and is as true of other professions and sciences. One can scarcely find at first glance any great need for a book, then, to prove the point; especially as this book is, of necessity, an epitome or abstract of the various histories of medicine which have been written and which cover the ground more exhaustively. And certainly ground enough is covered—or skimmed. Beginning with the early Greek philosophy, the author traces its relationship to primitive Greek medicine, following down through the post-Hippocratic school, the school of Galen, Arabic philosophy and medicine, the influence of the Middle Ages, the school of Paracelsus—through the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries to the present day.

Finally, Dr. Moon notes that the progress of medical science has enormously reduced the death-rate, and that the alleged increase in the number of diseases is an absurdity, because what formerly was considered one disease—fever, for example—has been differentiated into many. As for the slowness with which medical science has advanced to its present state, he says:

> Looking back through the vista of the ages, it seems to us hardly credible that medicine should have been taught and practised from the time of Galen till early in the sixteenth century, without any serious attempt having been made to study anatomy, so essential does an adequate knowledge of the structure of the human body seem to be.

The answer is simple enough: the mediæval mind knew no science of medicine, and even if it had known, the dissection of the body would have been held sacrilegious. Disease, death, and poverty were dispensations of Providence, and any attempt to study them at close range with the idea of their prevention would have seemed like questioning the omnipotence of God and His divine right to chastise.

Concerning the progress of medicine in the nineteenth century, Dr. Moon states that the system of homœopathy was not a new one, for it was known to Hippocrates. The old legend of the spear of Achilles which healed the wounds it inflicted shows the belief in the doctrine of similars. Hahnemann, he says, was the lineal successor of Paracelsus. He thought of spiritual powers existing in drugs themselves; medicine was not a dead substance, but dynamical and spiritual. Hence there is revealed that element of mysticism which is at once the strength and weakness of homœopathy. As to the greater progress made in medicine in the century just past, as compared even with all those that preceded, for this there are three sufficient reasons: first, the systematic study of pathology, or the origin, growth, and nature of disease; secondly, the foundation of physical diagnosis, the employment of percussion and auscultation and the use of the clinical thermometer; thirdly, the great advances made in biology, chemistry, and in bacteriology, through the discoveries of Pasteur. Of course, it is obvious that medicine simply shares the universal tendency to specialism in every department of human endeavor. In the past, the great obstacle to this had been the utter absence of systematized facts; but the time is now at hand when medicine, by and large, can be brought to a focus with the sister sciences, and thus serve, in a higher degree than ever, the purposes of a sane and rational life.

This volume, although it contains little that is original, may serve as a short history of medicine for those who have not the time or inclination for a more exhaustive study of the subject.

"Notes on New England Birds," collected from the fourteen volumes of Henry D. Thoreau's "Journal" by Francis H. Allen, is to be published in the spring by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Among the numerous recent books within the field of aeronautics, one of more than usual interest is "Aerial Navigation of To-day," by Charles C. Turner (Seeley & Co.). Not only has the writer had considerable practical experience in ballooning, but he has also carried on extensive researches into the technical sciences connected with aerial navigation. His purpose in writing the present volume was to give in a compendious form the results of his labor, so as to enable "those who are interested in the subject, but have neither time nor opportunity for prolonged study, to gain a fair idea of the progress that has been made in the conquest of the air." Starting with the preliminary stages in the evolution of aeronautics, when men first conceived the idea of conquering the air, he discusses, among others, such topics as the history and principles of ballooning and of mechanical flight, military and naval aeronautics, aerial law, the new industry of aeroplane-manufacture, the social significance of the conquest of the air, and the main points of difference between the various types of flying apparatus, whether they be lighter or heavier than air. The reading of the book is rendered easy even to the layman by the fact that a carefully selected glossary is appended; while, for the benefit of those who desire to read more widely, an aeronautical bibliography of selected works has been furnished. The volume is the latest addition of the publishers to their "The Science of To-day Series."

R. C. Punnett, who has made a special study of the doctrines of Mendel, has been appointed to the Cambridge professorship of biology, recently resigned by William Bateson.

William Page May, the English neurologist, died last month. He had written much on nervous diseases, and had also published "Helouan and the Egyptian Desert."

Dr. Jakob Volhard, professor of chemistry in the University of Halle, died in that town last month. He was born at Darmstadt in 1834. He was first associated with Liebig at Munich, and was afterwards professor at the University of Erlangen. He had published two works on the early history of chemistry, and at the time of his death was at the head of the Hygienic Institute of Halle University.

Friedrich Kohlrausch, the German physicist, died last month at Marburg. He was born at Rinteln, in 1840, was educated at Erlangen and Göttingen, and had been professor there and at Zürich, Strassburg, Würzburg, and Berlin. He had made special researches, and many important discoveries in the field of electrolysis, and had published a "Lehrbuch der praktischen Physik," which is considered an authoritative reference work. His other books include "Das Leitvermögen der Elektrolyte, insbesondere der Lösungen," "Kleiner Leitfaden der praktischen Physik," and "Die Energie oder Arbeit und die Anwendungen des elektrischen Stromes."

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Drama.

Whatever may be thought of its philosophy, the fact remains that in "A Man's World," which was produced in the Comedy Theatre, on Tuesday evening, Miss Rachel Crothers has written one of the strongest, most interesting, logical, and dramatic pieces on the now dominant topic of the relations of the sexes, that has been seen in this city for years. The distinguishing merit of it is that it is founded upon a clear and definite thesis, discusses it with notable fairness from various points of view, and in the imaginary case selected for illustration, faces the legitimate consequences of the premises without hesitation or faltering. For once sense has not been sacrificed to sentiment, or the desire for a happy ending. The argument is that men would be less lax in their lives, if good women were not so ready to ignore or condone their offences. The heroine has moulded her life in accordance with this principle. She is a successful writer, a spinster, living in a Bohemian apartment house, with an adopted child, the illegitimate orphan of a deceived and abandoned young woman whom she had encountered abroad. Naturally she is the object of scandal, and she revolts against the injustice that imposes all the shame and the sorrow upon the feebler partner. Fearing the weakness of her sex, she resolves to keep strict guard over her affections, but soon falls in love, in spite of herself, with a masterful young journalist, who bluntly refuses to be converted to her opinion that both sexes should be subject to the same law of morality, or to speak of it patiently. Nevertheless, she is supremely happy, until she discovers, by chance, that he is actually the father of her ward, and the man whom for years she has regarded as the epitome of all that is contemptible and vile. In a series of well-devised and strongly passionate scenes he strives to vanquish her prejudices by appeals to her reason and her affection, but, although broken hearted, she stands by her conviction unflinchingly, dismisses him for good, and again takes up the burden of life alone. There is more of dramatic point, perhaps, than of human nature in her inflexibility, and there are important phases of the question, which Miss Crothers does not touch, but she has written a striking drama, full of vital characterization, and uncommonly well made. The impersonation of the heroine by Miss Mannering contains some of the best work this actress has ever done, and the general performance is excellent.

H. B. Irving is negotiating with Hall Caine for a drama on the subject of the Flying Dutchman. It is to be called "The Demon Lover."

A new Shylock is to be seen in London soon. This is Arthur Phillips, a young actor, who was recently in the company of Lena Ashwell. He has been playing the part in the provinces to the Portia of Ellen Terry. His London experiment will be made at the Court Theatre.

Advices from Australia report the great success in that country of Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton, who have arranged to extend their tour for a further term of six months. Consequently they will not reach England until October next, when they will produce Stanley Weyman's play, "Count Hannibal."

Edmond Rostand's much discussed "Chantecler" was produced for the first time last Sunday evening, before a large and evidently very friendly audience at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre, in Paris. Rostand has been quoted as saying that he first conceived the idea of the piece in 1901, upon observing the inhabitants of an ordinary farmyard, which he happened to pass during a stroll; the central idea being suggested by the dominance of the cock, who appeared to be lording it over the fowls and other animals within his domain. Just what the playwright proposed to make of this idea, has been the subject of much speculation; it seemed curious enough that the creator of Cyrano should lend his genius to the poetic and dramatic treatment of such a notion.

This curiosity was heightened when the great comedian, Benoît Constant Coquelin, who, it had soon become known, was to play the central character, the cock, began to recite in public portions of the lines of the play; in fact, within two or three years many of Rostand's friends seemed to have become fairly familiar with much of the text of the piece. In January, 1909, Coquelin began to arrange for rehearsals of the play in Paris, under the immediate direction of Rostand, but these preparations had hardly taken definite form when Coquelin died (on January 27). It was no easy matter to find his successor, but Lucien Guitry was finally selected, and the rehearsals were continued. During the year, several dates were tentatively or conjecturally mentioned for the first presentation of the piece, but there were as many postponements for reasons not always made clear, though it now appears that, after the actors had become fairly familiar with their parts, the last scenes were considerably changed, both as to lines and action.

The central idea of the play is Chantecler's notion of his own importance, and his belief, shared by the other fowls and animals, that the sun appears and the day begins at his command. This notion is dispelled from his own mind, when he finds that the sun has risen and the day has fully dawned while he has been listening, in a wood, to the love-making of a hen pheasant with whom he had become infatuated. But the pheasant is caught in a snare, and upon the advice of the dog, who is his friend, Chantecler retreats to the farmyard crowing, and the other fowls are kept in ignorance of his disillusion.

Henry Bataille has two new plays about to appear in Paris. At the Gymnase will be produced "La Vierge folle," a play of action and ideas, in four acts, one of which passes at the Savoy Hotel, London, and another at Greenwich. The principal part will be taken by Mlle. Berthe Bady. His other new play promises to be novel. Besides being a dramatist, M. Bataille is a lyric poet, and "Le Songe d'un soir d'amour," to be seen at the Français, is a one-act play in *vers libres*. The scene is modern, but in the production certain effects of stage lighting will help to bring out a fantastic or "fairy" element in the poem. Mme. Bartet is to play the chief part.

Music.

Piano Questions Answered by Josef Hofmann. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 75 cents net.

Piano Compositions by Ludwig van Beethoven. Edited by Eugen D'Albert. Oliver Ditson Co. Vol. I. $1.50.

Hundreds of students in this country have asked Josef Hofmann: "What is the quickest way to become a great piano-player?" He admits that there are cases of artists suddenly acquiring a wide renown; but, in such cases, there was not a leap into greatness, but into the public's recognition of it. The greatness itself was acquired slowly, by a combination of talent with hard work, under proper guidance. To provide such guidance for those to whom access is denied to the best teachers, Mr. Hofmann wrote a book, a year or two ago, entitled "Piano Playing," the substance of which had been published in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It called forth a number of questions for further information on a variety of topics, and the answers to these constitute the new (doubly indexed) volume, which may be cordially commended to all students who aspire to rise above mediocrity.

Under the head of technique, the author discusses such points as touch, position, staccato, legato, fingering, glissando, octaves. Other topics are: the pedals, phrasing, rubato, memory, sight-reading, accompanying, transposing, bad music, the student's age, etc. As regards the sustaining pedal, while recognizing its great value as a means of coloring the music, he declares, "from sad experience," that it is far more important to know when *not* to use it than when to use it. The ear must be the guide. It is well-known that Beethoven himself used the pedal much more freely than is indicated in his printed music. In Bach, the pedal must be employed with caution, lest the fine texture of his polyphony be blurred; but often it is very important, because "it accumulates harmonic tones, holds the fundamental tone, and thus produces effects not dissimilar to the organ." These words are of value at a time when most teachers make their pupils, when playing Bach, follow the letter instead of the spirit. Mr. Hofmann also throws a stone at those who hold—as most still do—that in tempo rubato, the left hand must keep strict time. This, he declares, "can find application only in a very few isolated cases; only inside of one short phrase, and then hardly satisfactorily." The perfect rubato, he adds, "must be the result of momentary impulse." Would it not be wise to abandon the misleading expression "rubato" altogether and speak of fluctuating tempo?

Of practical advice, there is plenty.

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The question what salary an accompanist might expect is thus answered:

An experienced and very clever accompanist may possibly earn as much as fifty dollars a week if associated with a vocal, violin, or 'cello artist of great renown.

For good accompanying, women are in demand. But the pupil should not start out with the idea of becoming an accompanist, because "it seems like going to a commercial school to study to be an 'assistant' bookkeeper." In the preface, there is a fling at the superstition that music can be studied abroad better than here. Mr. Hofmann knows personally five American teachers who struggled at home and who now in European cities have studios thronged with American pupils.

One of the most amusing things about musicians is their attitude toward Beethoven—an attitude of unqualified worship, on bent knees, of everything he wrote. How could Josef Hofmann have the temerity to intimate that Beethoven's sonatas "are not all on precisely the same high plane of thought"? No such heretic is Eugen D'Albert, who declares that "the genius of Beethoven is so great that any attempt to explain his works seems almost a profanation"! However, when the Oliver Ditson Company explained why they wanted him to edit a volume containing selections from that composer's pianoforte works, he overcame his "holy awe" (*heilige Scheu*) and accepted the offer—fortunately, for no one better qualified for this task could have been found. He is not one of the academic pianists who believe that Beethoven's pieces must be played in a dry, impassive manner.

"How can they fail to realize that Beethoven's works are pulsating with warm life and fairly clamor for a free, vigorous, and temperamental performance?" It is from this emotional point of view that the editor's comments are made in the eight columns of introductory notes. Beside these, there are a large number of footnotes to the 125 pages of music, and these notes are of particular interest and value. Some of them concern technical matters, but most of them supplement the expression marks or explain and justify D'Albert's own interpretation of disputed passages. Like Bülow, he believes in applying to Beethoven here and there the Lisztian method of giving a quasi-orchestral tone-color; for instance, on page 67: "Imagine the first half of this measure played on muffled drums and the second half on the trumpets and trombones." The sonatas included in this collection are opus 2, No. 13; opus 13 ("Pathétique"); opus 26; opus 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"); opus 31, No. 3; and these are followed by Seven Bagatelles, opus 33. Other volumes are to come.

Inasmuch as Richard Wagner was sixty-five years old before Italy, France, and England paid any attention to his operas, Alfred Bruneau might think himself lucky to get a hearing for one of his operas in remote America at the age of fifty-three. But the operatic world moves much faster than it used to move, and it is strange that "L'Attaque du Moulin" should have had to wait till this week before being produced in what is now the operatic centre of the world. That opera was first given in Paris seventeen years ago, with a cast including Mme. Delna and M. Clément. Both of these singers are at present members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and to this circumstance doubtless is due the production of "L'Attaque du Moulin," at the New Theatre on Tuesday evening. The opera is based on a tale by Zola, who subsequently became Bruneau's regular collaborator, one of his tenets (attacked by Saint-Saëns and others), being that librettos should be in prose. The story is concerned with a mill, held by the French against an attack by the Germans during the war of 1870. There is a considerable amount of firing in the first and last acts, and the music, too, with its bugle calls and orchestral turmoil, reflects the war spirit. There is, of course, a love story interwoven with the militarism, and calling for appropriate music. Bruneau's score proves him to be a thorough musician, and one who knew how to write dramatically for the voice as well as the orchestra. He knows how to create moods, and had he but possessed the divine gift of writing melodies of individual aspect he might have become as successful an opera composer as his teacher, Massenet.

It is customary among musicians in these days of Debussy, Strauss, and D'Indy to sneer at operas which, like Flotow's "Martha," owe their vogue entirely to the simple melodies strung through them. That the public generally is not in the same mood was shown at the Metropolitan last Friday when a large audience witnessed and applauded a performance of "Stradella," a once very popular work by the composer of "Martha." It had not been sung in this city for about a quarter of a century, and was therefore a genuine novelty to the majority of those who heard it on this occasion; yet everybody recognized most of the pretty tunes as "familiar quotations," and many were surprised and said to themselves, "I didn't know that was from 'Stradella.'" Few melodies in the whole range of opera are more inspired and expressive than the Hymn to the Virgin, the singing of which by the hero disarms the bravoes who are about to assassinate him and makes them fall on their knees. The singing of this hymn by Leo Slezak did much to increase the popularity that has made him a serious rival of Caruso. The cast included also another singer, Alma Gluck, whose lovely voice and leap into fame are among the talked-of things of the season, and the two amusing comedians, Goritz and Reiss, whose equals it would be difficult to find in any theatre. With such a cast, "Stradella" is likely to become again a regular feature of the Metropolitan repertory.

Sir Edward Elgar is reported to have completed the second movement of a violin concerto.

One of the most popular German writers on music is La Mara (Marie Lipsius). Among her works is a collection, in four volumes, of brief biographies of the composers of all countries. A fifth volume is devoted to twenty-four women who became famous as singers or players. Breitkopf & Härtel are now the publishers of all these volumes. The third has been considerably changed, the biographies of some composers who are no longer in vogue being replaced by sketches of Hans von Bülow and Grieg.

Dr. George B. Gardiner, the English musician, who had collected much unpublished folk-music, especially from Hampshire, died on January 19.

Art.

Art in Great Britain and Ireland. By Sir Walter Armstrong. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 4 color plates and numerous text illustrations. $1.50 net.

This is the first-comer of a much-heralded General History of Art, which is to be published simultaneously in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. The little volume is light enough to carry in the pocket. It contains, besides a handful of color-plates and half-tones, numerous tiny inset illustrations, select bibliographies at the end of the main divisions, and an adequate index. It follows, obviously, the typographical form of Salomon Reinach's useful "Apollo."

To write the broken history of British art these allied publishers could hardly have found a better contributor than Sir Walter Armstrong. He shows himself fully aware of the difficulty of his task, and in a constant vivacity offers a kind of compensation for the necessarily disconnected character of his book. This manual is not merely a chronicle, but a critique. It is as easy to read consecutively as to consult casually. In its general disposition, the volume is less a unit than a series of detached essays. After a general chapter on Anglo-Saxon art, each branch—architecture, the minor arts, painting, and sculpture—is dispatched once for all. This naturally involves some long steps between chapters. One settles the modern painters, only to begin over again with the miniaturists; whereupon another retreat to find the pioneer water-color men. Perhaps the fragmentary nature of all the material, saving only architecture, made this parallel arrangement the lesser evil. We think, however, a general division into mediæval, transitional, and modern art would have been preferable. As it is, only a rather alert reader will manage to keep clearly in mind the chronological relations of workers in the various arts.

Architecture properly has the lion's share of the space—more than a third. The essential originality and worth of English Gothic are stoutly maintained,

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though the suspicion that the best of these plumes are often borrowings is not fully met. Of the architecture of the century just past Sir Walter is a pungent critic, and this is, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the book. The sound English tradition, he makes no doubt, is the modified Palladianism of Inigo Jones and Wren. The neo-Greek building of a century and more ago he condemns unqualifiedly. The Gothic revival he regards as at best a magnificent aberration. Back to the fathers is his watchword, and all the younger men who have quarried out of Sir Christopher or his sources are warmly commended. The topic is too large to be discussed in a review. We may note only that a similar tendency, if somewhat more Hellenistic in temper, is strong in France and America.

One will look with highest expectations to the chapters on painting, in which the author is an authority; and, in fact, these sections are always vivacious. But here intrudes also a capricious, or perhaps merely a British, element which occasionally produces untoward results. Gainsborough is estimated in the most perfunctory spirit. From the bare notice of him no one would gain a notion of his unique spiritual elegance. Romney seems overrated, and Hoppner, in many opinions, hardly earns the large title of "genius." Turner again is merely noted, and the isolated position of Watts is only faintly suggested. In the earlier field the statement that Van Dyke's so-called English manner is based on the miniatures of Samuel Cooper, is too disputable to put in a handbook. The likelihood is that both followed pretty faithfully the modish type of the Stuart court. Among the few living painters included, Clausen might well have had a place. In the chapter on etching Cotman and Turner should have been mentioned, while among draughtsmen Charles Keene surely deserved something more than bare registration. Unaccountable omissions, unless the index is defective, are George Cruikshank and Samuel Rowlandson.

These are minor and inevitable blemishes in a generally well proportioned and stimulating book, which, aside from its budget of facts, abounds in fine incidental criticisms. On pp. 102 and 197 are false references to cuts which should be set right in the next printing.

From F. Gutekunst of Philadelphia we have received photographs of the late Richard Watson Gilder and Bishop Goodsell. They measure about 14 by 16 inches, and are suitable for framing.

We receive from the Government Printing Office, at Washington, "The National Gallery of Art; Department of Fine Arts of the National Museum," by Richard Rathbun, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in charge of the United States National Museum. This document contains a complete history of the gradual upbuilding of a department of fine arts under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution. Of late years the movement has been quickened by such notable donations as those of Harriet Lane Johnston, Charles L. Freer, and William T. Evans. Through these gifts the museum possesses, in hand or in prospect, important paintings of the early English school, representative examples of modern American painting, with an unexampled selection from the work of Whistler and of the ancient painters of China and Japan. The inventories of these gifts, with the accompanying illustrations, will, to a layman, be the most interesting feature of the volume. One must regret that the far Eastern paintings of the Freer collection, in many opinions the most valuable portion, are merely mentioned and not catalogued. As yet there is no building devoted to the national collections. The Evans pictures, for example, are temporarily housed in the Corcoran Gallery. Sooner or later Congress must make dignified provision for collections already rich, and likely to be substantially increased as soon as a proper installation of gifts can be assured.

"Concrete Pottery and Garden Furniture," by Ralph C. Davison (Munn & Co.), is a compact manual, fully illustrated by diagrams. It tells clearly the methods of making vases, fences, seats, tables, etc., out of cement, giving specific directions for the making of modelling templates, and moulds in plaster or in glue, for coloring the plaster, etc. The directions are so full and simple that with their guidance a diligent amateur might safely undertake this art, but in most cases the book might better be passed over to an open-minded plasterer. Whether cement compositions are quite as durable in this climate as their advocates think remains to be proved. But the material lends itself readily to many beautiful uses, as may be seen in Italy, where the mason's trade still retains its finer traditions. American gardens would certainly be the more sightly for the substantial forms illustrated in this book. One may hope that forms adapted to our conditions may supersede those exotic objects of more or less dubious antiquity with which the gardens of the rich are being overcrowded.

Twenty paintings and one pastel drawing, forming the unsold portion of the collection of the late H. S. Henry of Philadelphia, were sold in Mendelssohn Hall, New York, last Friday. The lot fetched $225,750, the highest single price, $53,100, being paid for Millet's Going to Work—Dawn of Day. The other pictures sold, and their prices, were as follows: Troyon, La Charette de Foin, $28,800; Daubigny, La Saulaie, $23,600; Corot, Lake Nerni, $23,100; Corot, Le Vieux Pont de Briques, $22,200; Daubigny, The River Marne, $14,600; Jacque, The Shepherdess, $13,300; Decamps, Le Frondeur, $12,100; Schreyer, The Bursting Shell, $7,200; Millet, The Weary Wayfarers (pastel), $7,100; Dupré, Le Vieux Chêne, $7,100; Diaz, The Glade in the Woods, $6,900; Corot, Environs de Sèvres, $6,100; Corot, Lisière Boisée d'un Etang, $5,500; Dupré, Vaches se Désaltérant dans une Mare, $5,200; Daubigny, The Pond, $4,300; Corot, Paysanne Gardant sa Vache en Lisière de Bois, $4,150; Diaz, The Sultan's Daughter, $3,600; Dupré, Silvery Moonlight, $3,300; Diaz, The Bathers, $2,900; Jacque, Miniature Landscape, $1,600.

Finance.

THE COLLAPSE IN STOCKS.

It is by this time generally admitted that the break in Stock Exchange prices, since the beginning of the year, has been severe and prolonged beyond the majority of modern instances. Within a month, Amalgamated Copper shares have fallen 20½ points, American Smelting 28¾, Reading 16¼, Southern Pacific 18⅜, Union Pacific 26½, and United States Steel 16. The fall in "Steel common" especially has been sensational, because it has followed the declaration, a fortnight ago, of the largest disbursement ever made at one time to the shareholders. It is reasonable enough to argue, as many people do, that the prodigious inflation of values last year, under the auspices of our most powerful capitalists and in the face of a manifest strain on money, foresbadowed inevitably a great relapse, such as has occurred this week. But in this, as in other similar cases, the aspects of automatic reaction and readjustment are curiously mixed with what may be called the personal aspects of the movement.

The present break in prices has already, in point of time, long outlasted the Stock Exchange decline of February, 1909, or of December, 1904, or of May, 1901. For persistency and duration, the "rich men's liquidation" of 1903, which began at the close of April and continued, with intermissions marked by little else than dulness, into August, provides the nearest parallel. The most recent very prolonged decline, that of 1907, which began long before the October panic of that year, is now well understood to have been a consequence, not primarily of prudent capitalists withdrawing their funds from investment markets, but of compulsory liquidation by some of the richest men in the United States, entangled in their own imprudent speculations. The prolonged liquidation which beat down prices in 1903 was exactly similar in character. Where the captains of finance in 1907 had been trapped in the ill-fated "Harriman speculation" of the preceding autumn, the victims of 1903 had tied themselves up by underwriting the huge promoting schemes of 1901 and 1902.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the present market is that no one in Wall Street hints at a duplication of those conditions. There were times, during the speculation for the rise in 1909, when a situation of the sort witnessed in 1903 seemed a probable sequel. Had it not been for the fact that previous liquidation, in both finance and trade,

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had been thoroughgoing, as it certainly had not been on the eve of 1906 or 1902, results this year might have been similar. But Wall Street believes that they were not—that the banks, whose own position was precarious in 1903 and 1907, were strong enough in 1909 to allow the strain on their resources to continue until the powerful manipulators of values should have liquiuated.

It is commonly assumed, in other words, that the authors of the stock speculation of 1909 were able to extricate themselves from the market during November or December, when the New York banks, with the assistance of other domestic lenders, were bearing the heavy load of credit obligations. Now a somewhat similar situation existed at the conclusion of the prolonged "bull speculation" of 1904—an undertaking ascribed by Wall Street gossip of the day to the so-called "Standard Oil group." As in 1909, so in 1904, the manipulation for the rise in stocks lasted from June to the end of the year.

It was then believed, and apparently with reason, that the clique of capitalists conducting the movement realized their own profits in November and December, when the speculating outside public, as it happened, had been drawn into the market on a considerably more substantial scale than it was in 1909. Having thus extricated themselves, the ring-leaders of the "bull movement" of 1904 withdrew all their artificial support, matched orders, and manipulation from the market. Whether or not because of authoritative information of that fact, a group of "bear speculators," introducing their campaign with a series of wild advertising screeds by Lawson, assailed the market with manifest confidence that no one would interfere with their activities, and broke prices 10 to 20 points.

Something very similar appears to have happened on the present occasion; indeed, the phenomena of early profit-taking for their own account by the wealthy ring-leaders, abrupt pulling-out of the artificial supporting pegs, and setting-loose of professional bears, whose audacity could hardly be based on anything but assurance of immunity from interference, have been so exactly duplicated as to suggest how little originality there is, after all, in the methods of high finance.

Only in two or three respects has the attack on stocks, at the conclusion of the "bull campaign" of 1909, differed from that which followed the campaign of 1904. Banks did not, in the earlier episode, lend by wholesale at top prices on overvalued or worthless stocks, and then suddenly call the loans when prices had already been brought down. Nobody threatened financial panic, then, as one of the counsel for the great combinations of capital did this week. Nor did the parties interested in the speculation of 1904, having pulled out the pins and left the structure to collapse, circulate broadcast information that the government at Washington was responsible for the fall in prices. But this is merely tantamount to saying that the present episode has been a more than usually discreditable affair.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addresses delivered at the twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Indian Rights Association, December 17, 1909. Philadelphia: Indian Rights Association.

American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac for the year 1912. First edition. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Askew, A. and C. The Tempting of Paul Chester. Fenno & Co. $1.50.

Auringer, O. C. The Death of Maid McCrea. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.

Bacon, B. W. The Fourth Gospel in Research and Debate. Moffat, Yard. $4.

Balcarres, Lord. The Evolution of Italian Sculpture. Dutton. $6 net.

Ball, W. V. The Law Affecting Engineers. Van Nostrand. $3.50 net.

Barker, J. E. Great and Greater Britain. Dutton. $3 net.

Beatrice: A Legend of Our Lady. Translated by H. de W. Fuller. Cambridge: Harvard Coöperative Society. 50 cents.

Begbie, H. Twice-Born Men: A Clinic in Regeneration. Revell Co. $1.25 net.

Blumner, H. The Home Life of the Ancient Greeks. Trans. from the German by A. Zimmern. Third ed. Cassell.

Broadley, A. G. Rivers and Streams of England. Painted by S. Palmer. Macmillan. $6 net.

Broad Lines in Science Teaching. Edited by F. Hodson. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Brown, V. The Screen. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. IV. Putnam. $2.50 net.

Civil Code of the German Empire. Trans. by W. Loewy. Pennsylvania Bar Ass'n, and Univ. of Pennsylvania.

Clarke, C. C., Jr. Common Difficulties in Reading French. W. R. Jenkins Co. $1.

Cooke, R. J. Questions for High-Churchmen. Eaton & Mains. 25 cents net.

Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmorland, 1813-1870. Edited by her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall. Dutton. $5 net.

Davenport, C. B. Inheritance of Characteristics in Domestic Fowl. Carnegie Institute of Washington.

Dobe'l, B. A Century of Sonnets. Published by the author. London.

Elliott, E. G. The Biographical Story of the Constitution. Putnam.

Excelsior! Ballad for School Chorus. Text by H. W. Longfellow; music by P. A. Schnecker. Ditson Co. 25 cents.

Fairbairn, A. M. Studies in Religion and Theology. Macmillan. $3.50 net.

Fyffe, E. Eight Violin Pieces in the First Position, with Piano Accompaniment. Ditson. $1.25.

Gardner, F. The Future Life. Chicago: Veritas Press. 25 cents.

Gay, A. G. Mon Livre de Petites Histoires. W. R. Jenkins Co. $1.

Goodnow, E. The Market for Souls. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Hall, T. C. Social Solutions. Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.

Hardman, W. A History of Malta During the Period of the French and British Occupations, 1798-1815. With notes by J. H. Rose. Longmans, Green.

Harvard University Catalogue, 1909-10. Cambridge.

Hearne, R. P. Airships in Peace and War. With introduction by H. S. Maxim. Lane Co. $3.50 net.

Hill, F. T. On the Trail of Washington: A Narrative History of Washington's Boyhood and Manhood. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Hill, L. The Two Great Questions: The Existence of God, and the Immortality of the Soul. Chicago, Ill.: Regan Printing House.

Hollack, R. Entweder + oder?! Leipzig: Teichmann & Co.

Hoople, C. M. Along the Way. Grafton Press.

Kohler, K. Grundriss einer systematischen Theologie des Judentums. Leipzig: Gustav Fock.

Joseph, M. Judaism as Creed and Life. Second and revised edition. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Langstroth, C. The Perfume Holder: A Persian Love Poem. Second edition. Monarch Press.

Lowe, W. H. Systemization of the Russian Verb. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Morley, C. London at Prayer. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Financial.

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Morley, V. Indian Speeches (1907-1909). Macmillan. $1 net.
Müller, J. P. The Fresh-Air Book. Stokes Co. 85 cents net.
Musical Antiquary, January, 1910. Frowde.
Nason, E. H. Old Hallowell on the Kennebec. Augusta, Me.: Privately printed.
Nicholson, R. A. Elementary Arabic. Thornton's Arabic Series, Vol. III. Putnam. $2 net.
Nevill, R. Light Come, Light Go. Macmillan. $4.50 net.
North, L. The White Flame: A Play in Four Acts. Los Angeles: The Golden Press. $1.
Paullin, C. O. Commodore John Rodgers: Captain, Commodore, and Senior Officer of the American Navy, 1773-1838. Cleveland, O.: A. H. Clark Co. $4 net.
Pratt, A. The Living Mummy. Stokes Co.
Putnam Anniversary Volume: Anthropological Essays. Presented to F. W. Putnam by his friends and associates. Stechert & Co.
Racine's Phèdre. Edited, with notes, etc., by I. Babbitt. Boston: Heath. 30 cents.
Ralston, V. When Mother Lets Us Sew. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents net.
Rudaux, L. How to Study the Stars. Trans. by A. H. Keane. Stokes.
Russell, E. Jesus of Nazareth in the Light of To-day. Phila.: Winston Co. 60 cents net.
St. Cyres, V. Pascal. Dutton. $3 net.
St. John, E. P. Stories and Story-telling in Moral and Religious Education. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 60 cents net.
Salaman, M. C. Old English Colour-Prints. Edited by C. Holme. Winter number of The Studio. Lane Co. $3 net.
Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Vol. VI, Innocents-Liudger. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.
Schemann, L. Gobineaus Rassenwerk. Stuttgart: Fr. Frommanns Verlag (E. Hauff).
Sherman, F. F. An Old American Publisher (Abraham Shearman, Jun.). Privately printed.
Shore, W. T. Charles Dickens and His Friends. Cassell. $1.75 net.
Sir Orfeo: Adapted from the Middle English by E. E. Hunt. Cambridge: Harvard Co-operative Society. 50 cents.
Stephens, J. Insurrections. Macmillan. 40 cents net.
Sudermann, H. Strandkinder: Ein Schauspiel in vier Akten. Stechert & Co.
Sutherland, H. Ireland Yesterday and To-day. Phila.: The North American. $1.
Tiffany, E. B. The Tocsin: a Drama of the Renaissance. San Francisco: P. Elder & Co.
Tompkins, J. W. The Top of the Morning. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.
Tupper, F., Jr. The Riddles of the Exeter Book. Edited with introduction, notes, etc. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.50.
Tutton, A. E. H. Crystalline Structure and Chemical Constitution. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
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